CANTUS,

Songs and Fancies,

To Three, Four, or Five Parts,

Both apt for Voices and Viols

With a brief Introduction to Musick.

As it is taught in the Musick-School of *Aberdeen.*

The Third Edition, much Enlarged and Corrected.

Printed in *ABERDEEN*, by IOHN FORBES; and are to be sold at his Printing-House above the *Meal-Market*, at the Sign of the TOWNS-ARMES. 1682.

Considering well, Your *HONORS* hath
Much Zeal, and perfect Love
To Graces all, Who by much Faith,
Obtains all Things above:

For Harmonie in *BON-ACCORD*,
Hath been this Place Intent;
Yea, Grace Divine, and Musick fine,
Your *PERSONS* still present.

CANTUS.

Songs and Fancies,

To severall Musicall Parts.

Both apt for Voices and Viols.

With a brief Introduction to Musick, As is taught in the Musick-School of ABERDEEN.

The Third Edition, Exactly Corrected and Enlarged.

TOGETHER ALSO,

With severall of the choicest Italian-Songs, and New English-Ayres, all in three parts, (*Viz.*) Two Trebles and a Bass.

Most pleasant and delightfull for all Humours.

ABERDEEN,

Printed by JOHN FORBES, Printer to the Ancient City of ABON-ACCORD.

GOD SAVE KING *CHARLES.*

To SCOTLAND's, ENGLAND's,
FRANCE and IRELAND's KING:

Great EMPEROUR of EUROPE's
Greatest ISLES:

MONARCH of Hearts and Arts, and
every Thing

Beneath BOOTES, many Thousand
Myles:

Upon whose HEAD, Honor and For-
tune smyles:

About whose Brows, clusters of Crowns
do spring:

Whose Faith Him Champion of the
FAITH En-styles:

Whose WISDOM's Fame o'r all the
World doth Reign.

Long live KING CHARLES in all *MAGNIFICENCE*,
The Rod of *Vice*, and *VERTUES* Recompence.

Unto the Right Honorable
SIR GEORGE SKENE of FINTRAY, Lord Proveſt.

ALEXANDER ALEXANDER
GILBERT MOLYSON
WALTER ROBERTSON
ANDREW MITCHELL
} Bailies

ALEXANDER WALKER Dean of Gild,
ALEXANDER ANDERSON Treaſurer.

And to the Reſt of the Honorable Counſell *of the* City *of* ABERDEEN.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

Your *HONORS* Servant, Having had the Good Op-portunity ſome Years ago, at two ſeverall Occaſions, to preſent Your *Hs.* Worthy

Predeceſſors with the Patronage of this *Muſick-Book*, of which two Impreſsions there are few extant: And he being again (of New) invited by the earneſt Deſires of ſome, yea, allured by the Kindneſs of others, and encouraged by the Expectation, and good Hopes of the Uſefulneſs, and Profitableneſs of the Book it ſelf; not onely to this Famous *CITY*; but alſo to all Lovers of *Muſick* within this *Nation*, hath (according to his very bound Duty) preſented Your *Hs.* with the Patronage of this *Third Edition*: Eſpecially, ſeeing it hath ever been the chief Honor, and ſingular Praiſe of this Famous *CITY*, to be the Sanctuary of *Sciences*; the Manſe of the *Muſes*, and Nurſerie of all *Arts*: So that under Your (and Your *Hs.* Worthie Predeceſſors) prudent Patrocinie, vigilant Care, and Fatherly Inſpection, ſo little a Plate of Ground hath yeelded very many Plants of Renown, who have alwayes Flowriſhed as Trees of delight both in Church and State, throughout all the Corners of GREAT-BRITTAIN: Yea, whoſe Excellency hath ever been ſo eminent, that to have been born or bred in *ABERDEEN*, hath been a great Argument and Ground, to procure promotion for any, to Places of any Profeſſion elſe where: Yea, the Fame of this *CITY* for its admirable Knowledge in this Divine *Science*, and many other fine Enduements, hath almoſt Overſpread whole EUROPE: witneſs the great Confluence of all ſorts of Perſons from each Part of the ſame, who of deſign have come (much like that of the *Queen* of *Sheba*) to hear the ſweet chearful *Pſalms*, and Heavenly *Melody* of Famous *BON-ACCORD*, whoſe hearts have been raviſhed with the Harmonious *Concord* thereof: If then, the ALMIGHTY hath beſtowed ſuch a Grand Bleſſing upon the Same, ſure the Heavenly and Divine Uſe will much more redound to our Eternall Comfort, if with our Voices we joyn our Hearts when we ſing in His Holy Place.

Venerable

Venerable *Bede* writeth, that no Science but *Muſick* may enter into the Doores of the Church: And ſee how much the Royall *Pſalmiſt*, Holy *King David* is taken up in ſinging Praiſes to his Creator, for you ſhall ſeldom meet Him, without an *Inſtrument* in his Hand, and a *Pſalm* in his Mouth: having Dedicated Fifty-three Holy *Meeters* or *Pſalms* to his Chief Muſician *Ieduthun*, to compoſe *Muſick* to them: Yea, he was one in whom the Spirit of God delighted to dwell, for no Evil Spirit will abide to tarry where *Muſick* and *Harmony* are Lodged; as when *David* played before *Saul* the Evil Spirit departed immediatly. And *Luther* ſpeaking of the Power of *Muſick*, ſaith, *Scimus Muſicam Dæmonibus etiam inviſam & intolerabilem eſſe. We know that* Muſick *is moſt Dreadfull and Intolerable to the Devils.* And *St. Auguſtine* ſayeth, that *Muſick is the Gift of GOD, and a Repreſentation or Admonition of the ſweet Conſent and Harmony which his Wiſdom hath made in the Creation and Adminiſtration of the World*: And therefore its Firſt and Chiefeſt Uſe is, for his Own bleſſed Service and Praiſe; And next, for the Solace of Men, which as it is agreeable unto Nature, ſo it is allowed by *GOD*, as a Temporall Bleſſing, to Recreate and Cheer men after long Study and weary Labour in their Vocations: As the Scripture ſayeth, *Eccleſ.* 4 20. *Wine and Muſick rejoyceth the Heart.* —— *Nam Muſica mœſtæ medicina Mentis.*

And we read of one who doth report, that he ſaw a *Lyon* in *London* leave his Meat, to hear *Muſick*. Yea, may we not behold the Birds of the Ayre, thoſe pretty winged *Choreſters*, how at the approach of the day do they warble forth their Makers Praiſe? amongſt which, obſerve the little *Lark*, who by a Natural Inſtinct doth very often mount up to the Sky, as high as her Wings will bear her, and there warbles out her Melody as long as her ſtrength enableth her; and then

deſcends to her Flock; who preſently ſends up another ſweet ſinging *Choriſter* to ſupply this Divine Service. If then theſe Irrationall Creatures, ſo naturally Love and are delighted with *Muſick*, how much more ſhould Rationall Man, who is endued with Knowledge and Underſtanding? The *Philoſopher* ſayes, not to be *Animal Muſicum* is not to be *Animal Rationale*. And the *Italian* Proverb is, *GOD Loves not him, whom he hath not made to Love Muſick.*

But were there not a fear of too much tediouſneſs in this Diſcourſe, It might be aſſerted with Divine *Plato* and his Followers, that the Heavenly *Soul*, by which the *Vniverſs* is Animate, doth owe its *Origin* to this *Lady*, and Narrated how much the great *Solon*, that *Sun* of *Greece*, beſtowed on his *Nephew*, for teaching him one *Saphick-Tune*: And how much pains the wiſe *Socrates*, (though full of Years,) did greedily beſtow upon the *Lute*. Yea, *Hiſtory* tells us, that the Ancient *Brittains* of this *Iſland*, had *Muſicians* before they had Books. *Alfred* a *Saxon King*, was well skilled in all manner of Learning, but in his knowledge of *Muſick* took moſt delight. But to come nearer home, *K. Edward the ſixth in England*, was a great Lover and Encourager of *Muſick*: Yea, *Queen Eliſabeth* was not onely a Lover of this *Divine Science*, but alſo a good proficient therein: And *K. Iames* of Bleſſed Memorie did extoll *Muſick* ſo much, that he granted his Letters Patents to the *Muſicians* in *London* for an Incorporation. And not onely did he love and eſteem this *Divine Science* in others, but his own Excellency in the ſame (among other Royall Enduments worthie of ſo great a King) made him Famous and Admired in that Age, (and will do while Time ſhall endure) eſpecially his dexterous Skill upon the Melodious *Harp*, wherein [and in all other Royall Vertues] he traced the Steps of that Sweet-Singer of *Iſrael*. To this purpoſe, I can

not

not pass the Elaborat Testimony of the Famous *Du-Bartas*; who, when he hath deservedly Extolled those Holy Songs of *K. David*, and his Skill on the *Harp* maketh a Close thus, Englished by *Iosua Sylvester*,

Gross Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely-vile,
So holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:
This Kingly Harp is onely meet for Kings.
And so behold, towards the farthest North,
Ah see, I see upon the Banks of FORTH
(Whose force-full stream runs smoothly serpenting)
A Valiant, Learned, and Religious King,
Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent
This rarely-sweet celestiall Instrument:
And *Davids* Truchman, rightly doth resound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dumbartans Clyde stands still to hear his voice:
Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to rejoyce:
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond*-Lake,
After his sound their lusty gambols shake:
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian* wave,
Unto his Tune their far flow'n wings do wave:
And I my Self in my pyde *Heid* a slop,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doth hop.

Nor was his late *Sacred Majestie*, and *Blessed Martyr*, *K. CHARLES the First*, behind any in the Promotion of this *Science*: of whose *Vertues* and *Pietie*, [by the Infinite Mercy of the Almighty GOD] this *Kingdom* now enjoyes a living Example in his *Gracious SON*, *Our Dread Soveraign*, K. CHARLES *the Second*, *By the Grace of GOD*, *KING of* GREAT-BRITAIN, FRANCE *and* IRELAND, *Defender of the Ancient and True Apostolick* FAITH, *&c.* Who hath brought all things to their *Ancient Order*, and put an end to all *Dismall Discords*, yea, string'd the Hearts of *Britain* with true *Loyaltie*.

And now, seeing it hath pleased *Divine Providence*, in the PERSONS of *Your Honorable Wisdoms*, to Bless the *Bench* of *Famous BON-ACCORD*, with such a Harmonious Heavenly *Consort*, of as many *Musicians* as *MAGISTRATS*: He hath therefore made bold to Present *Your Hs.* with this present *Edition*, solemnly Engageing, that as It received Its first *Origin* (under the *Patrociyie* of

Your

Your Hs. Worthie Predeceſſors) from BON-ACCORD, and Its preſent Growth from *Your Goodneſs*, ſo It ſhould Period Its Stature with *Your Pleaſure*: That ſo, *Your Hs.* Obedient Servant, who hath ſtill made it His reſolute Purpoſe, and conſtant Reſolution, to ſail all Winds, and ſcrue up the weak Parts which GOD and Nature hath beſtowed upon Him: that ſo, at leaſt, with the *Epheſian Bee*, He might Contribute His little Wax, and ſilly Bumb, to the Hyve of *Famous BON-ACCORDS Common-well*, ſeeing He owes His Native Birth-Right to this *Famous* Place, (ſince, 1576) which Obligation, doth greatly incite Him to ſerve *Your Hs.* (as *Your Own* moſt Obſequious Servant) all the days of His Lyfe. He ſhall not weary *Your Hs.* Patience, Admit then this poor *Preſent* to *Your Hs.* Favourable *Acceptance*, It's *Breath* and *Being* depends on *Your Brow*, to receive Its *Sentence* from the Same, whether It ſhall be ſmoothered in the *Birth*, or view the Publick under *Your Hs Patrocinie*: However, that the beſt Bleſſings and Out-bearings of the ALMIGHTY may ſtill Accompany *Your Wiſdoms* in all *Your Honorable Deſigns* and *Enterpriſes*; And that BON-ACCORD may reſemble Heaven, in an Harmonious *CONCORD*, Shall be the DAILY PRAYER of

YOUR HONORS

Moſt Obedient
and Faithfull Servant,
Iohn Forbes.

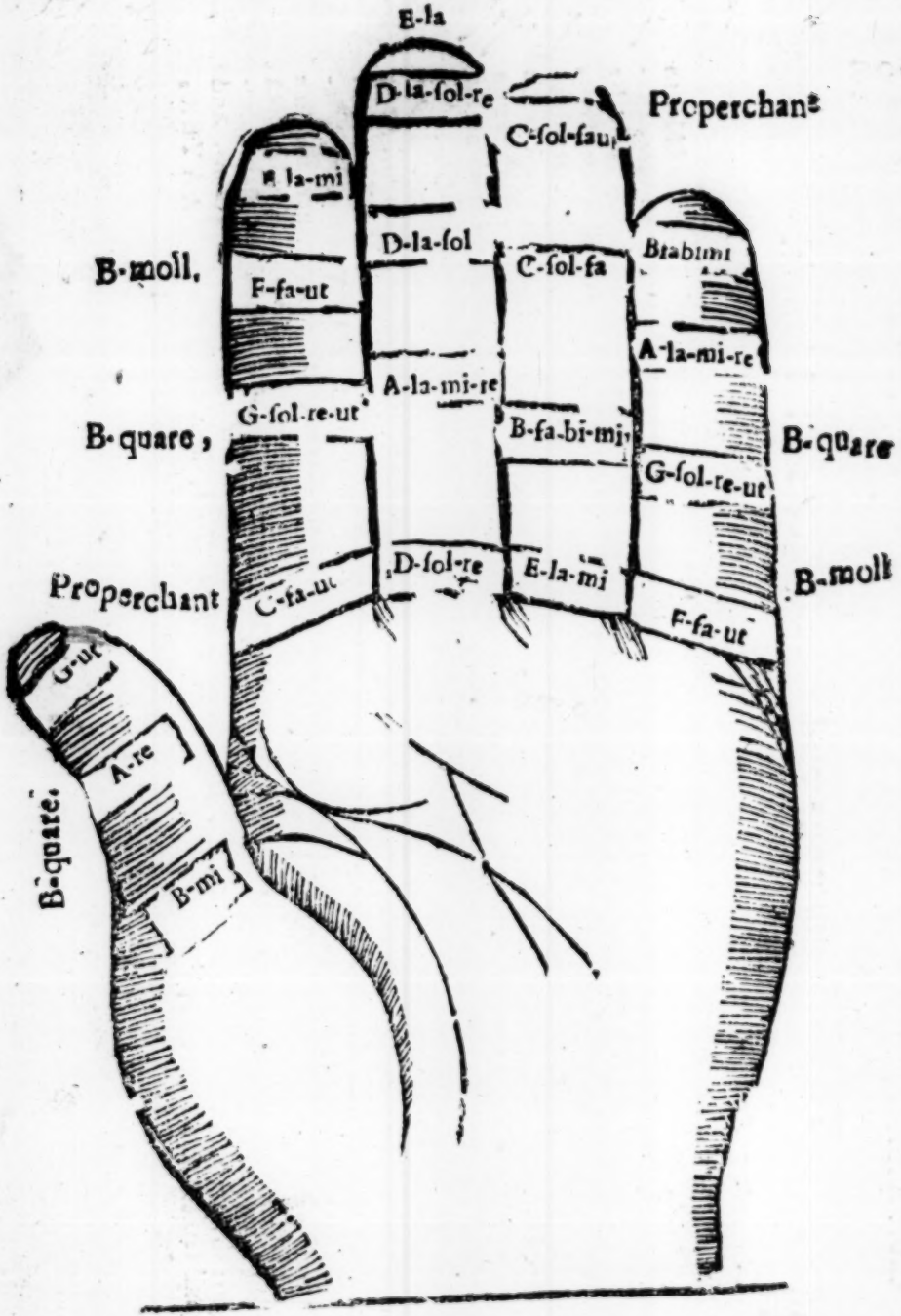
To all Ingenuous and true Lovers of Muſick.

Courteous Reader,

THe two former *Impreſſions* of this *Muſick-Book*, finding ſo generall Acceptance, hath Encouraged Me, to adventure upon the Printing of this *Third Edition*: In which, I have not only made it my care, to amend ſome Defects which were into the former *Impreſſions*, But indeed, to new Modell the whole, by adding a conſiderable number of excellent choiſe *Italian Songs*, and *Engliſh-Ayres*, all in three Parts; (*viz*) two *Trebles* and a *Baſs*, which were never Printed with the former *Impreſſions*, and that for the ſeverall humours of all Perſons, *Male* and *Famale*, *Old* and *Young*: wherefore (I may truely ſay) this *Muſick-Book* as it is now Publiſhed (for ſuch ſweet *Harmonious Songs*) hath never been Extant in this *Nation*. You have alſo herewith Printed, for the Encouragement of Young Beginners in *Vocall Muſick*, the Print of the Hand, for teaching the *Gam* thereon, with the *Scale* of the *Gam*, and Parts thereof: As alſo, a full Expoſition of the *Gam* and *Clieffs*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, *Concords*, and *Diſcords*, &c. and that into a plain and brief manner, for every ones Capacity. I muſt conſeſs, the Work as to the *Muſick* is not mine, but for Printing, and Publiſhing hereof, I am ſtill ready and moſt willing in my Generation to improve my *Talent*, and *Parts*, (which the ALMIGHTY, of His Infinite Goodneſs hath been pleaſed to beſtow upon Me,) both for the Good of this CITY and of My *Countrey*: Therefore, if theſe My *Labours* prove Pleaſant and Delightfull, by *Your* favourable Acceptance, the ſame ſhall incite Me very ſhortly to Publiſh abroad, ſeverall other *Muſicall Songs* and *Ayres* of various Kynds, both *Catches*, and *Parts-Songs*, which are not readily to be found within this *Kingdom*, with a brief and plain Introduction to *Muſick* conform to each ſeverall Book, all very pleaſant for every humour, yea, harmfull to None. And that all my painfull Labours may tend for this *City* and my *Countries* Good, ſhall be the hearty PRAYER; and earneſt DESYRE of

Your Servant

Iohn Forbes.


E-la
D-la-ſol-re
Properchant
C-ſol-fau
F la-mi
B-moll.
D-la-ſol
C-ſol-fa
Btabimi
F-fa-ut
A-la-mi-re
A-la-mi-re
G-ſol-re-ut
B-quare,
B-fa-bi-mi
B-quare
G-ſol-re-ut
Properchant
C-fa-ut
D-ſol-re
E-la-mi
B-moll
F-fa-ut
G-ut
A-re
B-quare
B-mi

The SCALE of the GAM.

EX BIBL. UNIV. ABERD.

The Treble Keyes.	ee		*la*	*la*		In Space.
	dd		*la-ſol*	*ſol-la*		In Rule.
	cc		*ſol-fa*	*fa ſol*		In Space.
	bb		*fa-mi*	*mi-fa*		In Rule.
	aa		*la-mi-re*	*re-mi-la*		In Space.
	g		*ſol-re-ut* b quarre.	*ut-re-ſol*		In Rule.
	f		*fa-ut* b moll.	*ut-fa*		In Space.
The Midle Keyes.	e		*la-mi*	*mi-la*		In Rule.
	d		*la-ſol-re*	*re-ſol-la*		In Space.
	c		*ſol-fa-ut* Properchant	*ut-fa ſol*		In Rule.
	b		*fa-mi*	*mi-fa*		In Space.
	a		*la-mi-re*	*re-mi-la*		In Rule.
The Baſs Keyes.	G		*ſol-re-ut* b quare.	*ut-re-ſol*		In Space.
	F		*fa-ut* b moll.	*ut-fa*		In Rule.
	E		*la-mi*	*mi-la*		In Space.
	D		*ſol-re*	*re-ſol*		In Rule.
	C		*fa-ut* Properchant.	*ut-fa*		In Space.
	B		*mi*	*mi*		In Rule.
	A		*re*	*re*		In Space.
	Γ		*ut* b quare	*ut*		In Rule.

An Expoſition of the Gam, and Cliefs.

FOR the underſtanding of this fore-going Scale, you muſt begin at the loweſt word, *Gam-ut*, and ſo go upwards to the end, ſtill aſcending.

Then ye muſt get it perfectly without book, to ſay it forewards and backwards. Secondly, you muſt learn to know the parts of it, and wherein every key ſtandeth; that is, whether in Rule, or in Space. Thirdly, how many Cliefs, and how many Notes every key containeth. And laſtly the properties of the Gam.

Q. *How many parts is in the Gam?*

A. Two.

Q. *Which two?*

A. Baſs and Alt.

Q. *Which is Baſs, and which is Alt?*

A. All from *Gam-ut*, to *C-ſol-fa ut*, is Baſs; and all from *C-ſol-fa ut*, to *E-la*, is Alt.

Q. C-ſol-fa-ut, *whether is it Baſs, or Alt?*

A. It is neither Baſs nor Alt, but betwixt the two.

Q. *What call you a Clief, and what a Note?*

A. A Clief is a character ſet on a Rule at the beginning of a verſe, ſhowing the hight and lowneſs of every Note ſtanding on the ſame Verſe, or in ſpace (although uſe hath taken it for a general rule, never to ſet any Clief in the Space, except the *b* Clief) and every Space, or Rule, not having a Clief ſet in it, hath one underſtood, being only omitted for not peſtering the Verſe, and ſaving of labor to the writer: but here it is taken for a letter beginning the name of every Key, and are they which you ſee on the Scale ſet at the beginning of every word.

Q. *How many Cliefs hath every Key?*

A. Every Key hath but one Clief, except *b-fa-♮-mi*, which hath two Cliefs.

Q. *How many Cliefs are there?*

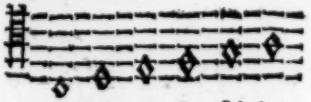
A. There be in all ſeven Cliefs, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, but in uſe in ſinging there be but four; that is to ſay, the *F-fa-ut* Clief, which is commonly in the Baſs, or loweſt part, being formed or made thus

The *C-ſol-fa ut* Clief, which is common to every part, and is made thus

The *G-ſol re-ut* Clief in Alt, which is commonly uſed in the Treble, or higheſt part, and is made thus G. And the B Clief which is common to every part, and is made thus *b*, or thus ♮ The one *b* ſignifying the half Note, or flat ſinging, the other ♮ the whole Note, or ſharp ſinging.

Q. *How many Notes is there in Muſick?*

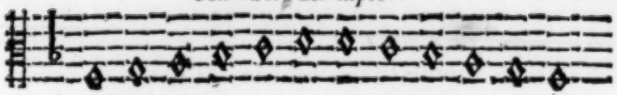
A. There are but ſix Notes, vvhich are called, and are cōmonly ſet down thus,



ut re mi fa ſol la

For the better underſtanding of this, you ſhal obſerve the *C-ſol fa-ut* Clief ſtanding on the fourth Rule from beneath, then you muſt reckon dovvn from the Clief, as though the Verſe were the Scale of the Gam, aſſigning to every Scale and Rule a ſeveral Key; and you ſhal find that the firſt Note ſtandeth in *C-fa-ut*, and the laſt in *A la-mi-re* in Baſs.

Another Example.



ut re mi fa ſol la la ſol fa mi re ut

Q. *In how many ſeveral Keys may you begin the ſix Notes?*

A. Theſe three Keys of the following Example.

But what is done in theſe Notes, may be alſo done in their Octoes; as what is done in *Gam-ut*, may alſo be done in *G-ſol re-ut* in Baſs, and likewiſe in *G-ſol-re-ut* in Alt And what in *C-fa ut*, may be alſo in *C-ſol fa-ut*, and in *C-ſol fa*. And what in *F-fa ut* in *Baſs*, may alſo be done in *F-fa-ut* in Alt. But theſe be the three principal Keys containing the three natures or properties of ſinging.

Q. *How many Keys is in the Gam?*

A. Twenty: ten in Rule, and ten in Space.

Q. *How many Notes are in theſe twenty Keys?*

A. Two and fourty Notes; *viz.* ſeven Ut's, ſeven Re's, ſeven Mi's, ſeven Fa's, ſeven Sol's ſeven La's.

Q. *Which are the three properties of Muſick?*

A. *B-quare*, *Properchant*, and *B-mole*.

Q. *How many of theſe Uts ſings B-quare, how many Properchant, and how many B-mole?*

A. Three *B-quare*, two *Properchant*, and two *B-mole*.

Q. *Which are the three uts that ſingeth B-quare?*

A. The *ut* of *Gam-ut*, the *ut* of *G-ſol-re-ut* in Baſs, and the *ut* of *G-ſol-re-ut* in Alt.

Q. *Which are the two uts that ſingeth Properchant?*

A. The *ut* of *C-fa* [illegible] the *ut* of *C-ſol-fa-ut*.

Q. *Which are the* [illegible] *that ſingeth B-mole?*

A. The *ut* of *F-fa ut* in Baſs, & the *ut* of *F-fa-ut* in Alt

Q. *You have ſpoke of the uts, but how doth the other Notes ſing?*

A. As every *ut* ſingeth, ſo doth the reſt of the Notes likewiſe ſing which aſcendeth from that *ut*. As for example, the *ut* of *Gam-ut* ſingeth *B-quare*, therefore the *re* of *A-re*, the *mi* of *B-mi*, the *fa* of *C-fa-ut*, &c. doth ſing likewiſe *B-quare*. Likewiſe the *ut* of *C-fa-ut* ſingeth *Properchant*, therefore the *re* of *D-ſol re*, the *mi* of *E-la-mi* the *fa* of *F-fa-ut*, and the *ſol* of *G ſol-re-ut*, &c. ſingeth likewiſe *Properchant*: & the *ut* of *F-fa-ut* ſingeth *B-mole*, therefore the *re* of *G ſol-re-ut*, the *mi* of *A-la mi re*, the *fa* of *B fa* ♮ *mi*, muſt likewiſe ſing *B-mole*; becauſe the Notes doth ariſe from theſe *uts*, as you may plainly ſee on the Scale: and ſo forth of the reſt.

Of the MOODS.

Q. HOw many *Moods is there?*

A. Four.

Q. *Which four?*

A. Perfect the More, and Imperfect the More; Perfect the Leſs, and Imperfect the Leſs.

The first Mood.

Q. *Perfect the More, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A round circle with a prick, ⊙

Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by threes, except Crotchets, Quavers, and semi-quavers.

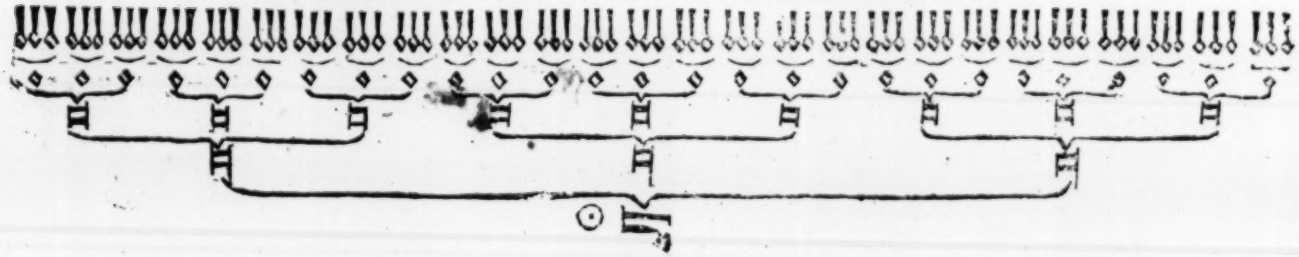
Q. *How go they?*

A. By twoes.

Q. *Number that Mood*

A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief three; three Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief nine; three Briefs to the Long, so is the Long seven and twenty; three Longs to the Large, so is the Large fourscore and one.

The Example of the first Mood. *Perfect the More.*



The second Mood.

Q. *Imperfect the More, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. Half a Circle with a prick, ☾

Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twoes, except Minims.

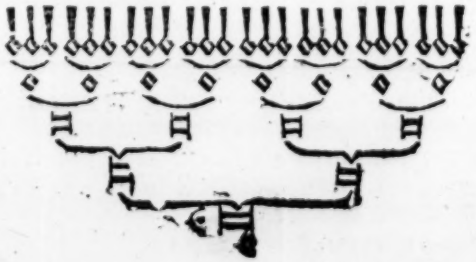
Q. *How go they?*

A. By threes.

Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief three: two Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief six: two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long twelve: two Longs to the Large, so is the Large four and twentie

The Example of the second Mood. *Imperfect the More.*



The third Mood.

Q. *Perfect the Leſs, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A round Circle without a prick, O

Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twoes, except Semi briefs.

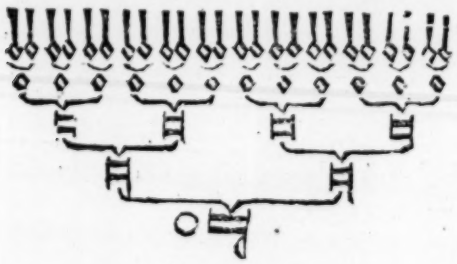
Q. *How go they?*

A. By threes.

Q. *Number that Mood?*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief, ſo is the Semi-brief two: three Semi-briefs to the Brief, ſo is the Brief ſix: two Briefs to the Long, ſo is the Long twelve: two Longs to the Large, ſo is the Large four and twenty.

The Example of the third Mood *Perfect the Leſs.*



The fourth Mood.

Q. *Imperfect the Leſs whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A half Circle without a prick C

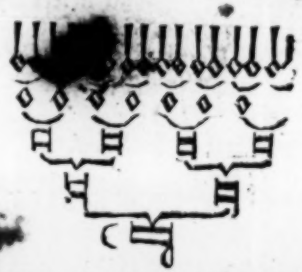
Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twoes.

Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief, ſo is the Semi-brief two: two Semi-briefs to the Brief, ſo is the Brief four: two Briefs to the Long, ſo is the Long eight: two Longs to the Large, ſo is the Large ſixteen.

The Example of the fourth Mood. *Imperfect the Leſs*



The DEGREES.

Q. *How many Degrees goeth to every Mood?*

A. Three.

Q. *Which three?*

A. Mood, Time, and Prolation.

Q. *What is Mood?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Longs by Larges, and Briefs by Longs, and is either greater or leſſer.

Q. *What is the greater Mood?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Longs by Larges, and is either Perfect or Imperfect.

Q. *What is the greater Mood Perfect?*

A. Three Longs to the Large.

Q. *What is the greater Mood Imperfect?*

A. Two Longs to the Large.

Q. *What is the leſſer Mood?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Briefs by Longs, and is either Perfect or Imperfect. Q. *What*

Q. *What is the leſſer Mood Perfect?*

A. Three Briefs to the Long.

Q. *What is the leſſer Mood Imperfect?*

A. Two Briefs to the Long.

Q. *What is Time?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Semi-briefs by Briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. *What is perfect Time?*

A. Three Semi-briefs to the Brief.

Q. *What is imperfect Time?*

A. Two Semi-briefs to the Brief.

Q. *What is Prolation?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Minims by Semi-briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. *What is perfect Prolation?*

A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief.

Q. *What is imperfect Prolation?*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief.

Q. *Perfect the Moore, ⊙ how goeth it in Moode, Time, and Prolation?*

A. Perfect great Mood, perfect leſs Mood, perfect Time, and perfect Prolation.

Q. *Imperfect the More ☾ how goeth it in Moode, Time and Prolation?*

A. Imperfect great Mood, imperfect leſs Mood, imperfect Time, and perfect Prolation.

Q. *Perfect the leſs, ○ how goeth it in Mood, Time, and Prolation?*

A. Imperfect great Mood, imperfect leſs Mood, perfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

Q. *Imperfect the leſs, C how goeth it in Mood, Time, and Prolation?*

A. Imperfect great Mood, imperfect leſs Mood, imperfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

The CONCORDS.

Q. *What is a Concord?*

A. It is a mixt ſound compact of diverſe voices, entring with delight in the ear, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. *What is a perfect concord?*

A. It is that which may ſtand by it ſelf, and of it ſelf maketh a perfect harmony, without the mixture of any other.

Q. *What is an imperfect Concord?*

A. It is that which maketh not a full ſound, and needeth the following of a perfect Concord, to make it ſtand in the harmony.

Q. *How many Concords is there?*

A. Nine.

Q. *Which nine?*

A. An Uniſon, a third, a fifth, a ſixth, an octo, a tenth, a twelfth, a thirteenth, and a fifteenth.

Q. *How many of them are perfect, and how many imperfect*

A. Five perfect, and four imperfect.

Q. *Which are the five perfect?*

A. An uniſon, a fifth, an octo, a twelfth, and a fifteenth.

Q. *Which are the four imperfect?*

A. A third, a ſixth, a tenth, and a thirteenth with their octoes.

Q. *What mean you by their octoes?*

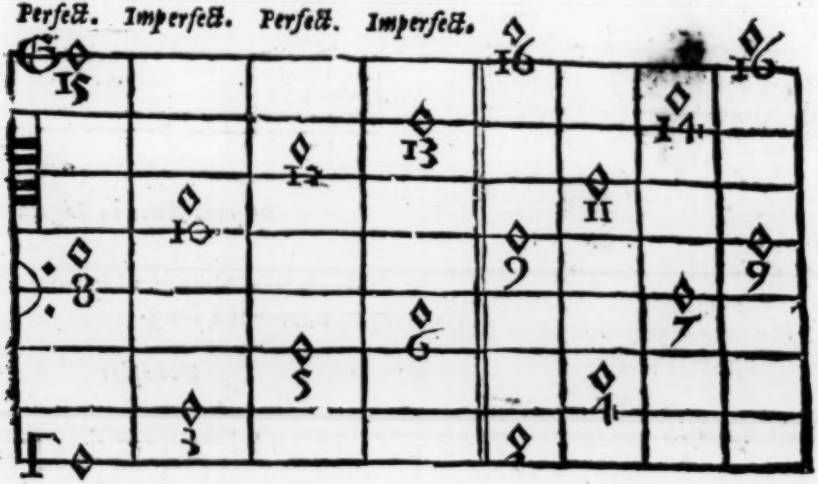
A. Becauſe their octoes are but the ſelf ſame kind. As for example, An octo is the kind of an uniſon, a tenth is the kind of a third, & a twelfth the kind of a fifth, &c.

Q. *What needs ſo many Concords, ſeeing there are ſo few kinds?*

A. Albeit

A. Albeit their kinds be one, yet the ſounds are diverſe. As an octo hath another ſound then an uniſon, and a tenth hath another ſort of ſound then a third, and a twelfth hath another ſort of ſound then a fifth, &c. As likewiſe it giveth bounds to the compoſer, or ſetter of parts.

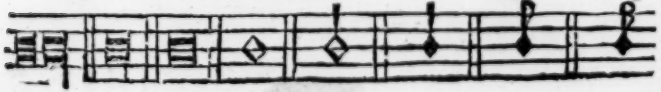
The Scale of Concords. Diſcords.



Notes, their Names; Number, and Proportions.

Example.

Large. Long. Brief. Semib. Min. Crotch. Quav. Semi-qu.

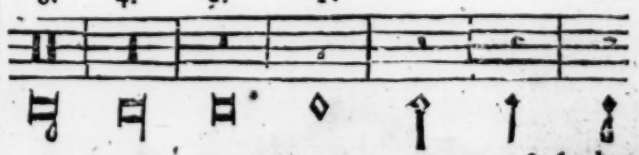


Reſts, or Pauſes, of Prick; and Notes of Syncopation.

Example.

Large. Long. Brief. Semi-br. Min. Crotchet. Quaver

8. 4. 2. 1.



A further

A further Example of the *Prick-Notes*, wherein you ſee your Meaſure of the *Time* barred, according to the *Semi-briefs*, both by prick *Semi briefs*, *Minims*, and *Crotchets*.

Example.

Pric *Long*. *Brief*. *Semi*. *Minim*. *Crotchet*. *Quaver*.

Followeth now to ſpeak of Ligatures.

Q. *What is a Ligature?*

A. It is a combination or knitting together of two or more Notes, altering by their ſituation and order, the value of the ſame, holding out, if your firſt Note lack a tail, the ſecond deſcending, it is a long.

As in this Example.

A ſecond Example.

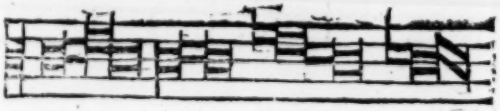
If the firſt Note have a tail on the left ſide hanging downward: the ſecond aſcending or deſcending it is a Brief.

Example.

Of final Notes in Ligatures.

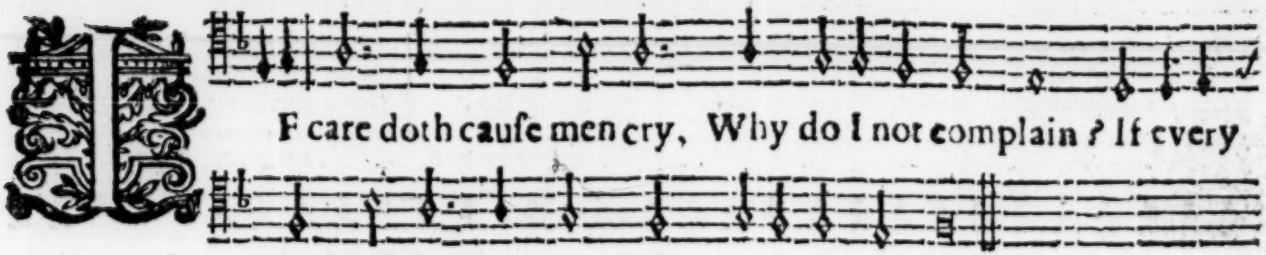
Every final Note of a Ligature deſcending, being a ſquare Note is a long.

Example.



THE

THE FIRST SONG.



Since that amongſt them all,
I dare well ſay is none
So far from joy, ſo full of wo,
Nor hath more cauſe to mourn.

For all things living hath
Sometime a quyet reſt;
The drawing Ox, the bearing Aſs,
And every other Beaſt.

The Peiſand and the Poſt,
Which are at all aſſayes,
The Ship-boy, and the Galey ſlave,
Hath time to take their eaſe.

Save I, poor wretch, whom care
Doth so me now constrain,
To wail the day, and weep the night,
Continually in pain.

From painfulness to pain,
From pain to bitter tears,
From tears to painfull pain again,
And so my life it wears.

Each thing under the Sun,
That I can hear or see,
It makes me to bewail my woe,
And cruel destinie.

When I see men rejoice,
Seeing I cannot so,
I take more pleasure in my pain,
It doubles but my woe.

Or when I see men have,
Their most desired sight,
Alace! I think all men are well,
Save I, poor woful wight.

Or when I hear the sound
Of Song or Instrument,
I think all thing that joyful is,
Doth cause me to lament.

Even as the stricken Deer
Withdraws himself alone,
So seek I then some secret place,
Where *I* may make my moan.

Although that for a time
Doth much appease my grief;
Yet doth it breed me further pain,
To cause me more mischief.

THE SECOND PART.

Since that amongst them all,
I dare well say is none
More grievous sinner nor *I* am,
And hath more cause to moan.

My youthful years mispent
In health and ignorance;
Not caring how *I* spent my time,
In sloath and negligence.

Even like a wandering sheep,
Long have *I* gone astray:
Lord, bring me to thy flock again,
And guid me the right way.

Grant me thy grace to rise,
And stand in time to come,
That *I* may mend my wretched life,
And mourn for time by-run.

Call me not to accounts
Of former faults misdone:
But let my Saviors bloody wounds,
Be ransome for my sin.

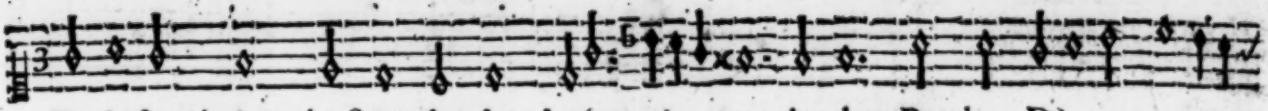
In mercy, Lord, my God,
Receive me home to thee;
That *I* may walk in thy true fear,
And praise thy Name trulie.

Relieve my burthen great
Of sin and worldly care;
That *I* may in thy Sanctuary
Sing praises evermair.

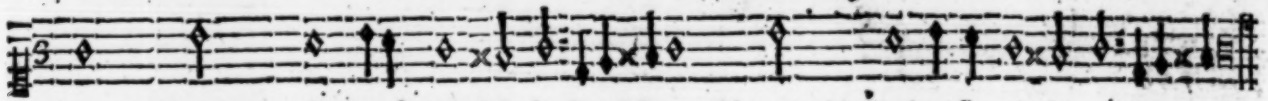
F I N I S.

THE II. SONG.

O Lusty May with Flora Queen, The balmy drops from Phebus sheen,
Prelusant



Preluſant beams before the day, before the day, the day. By thee Diana groweth



green, Through gladneſs of this luſty May, Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

Then Aurora that is ſo bright,
To woful hearts he caſts great light,
Right pleaſantly before the day, &c.
And ſhows and ſhads forth of that light,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

Birds on their beughs of every ſort,
Sends forth their notes, and makes great mirth,
On banks that blooms on every bray, &c.
And fares and flyes ov'r field and frith,
Through gladneſs, &c.

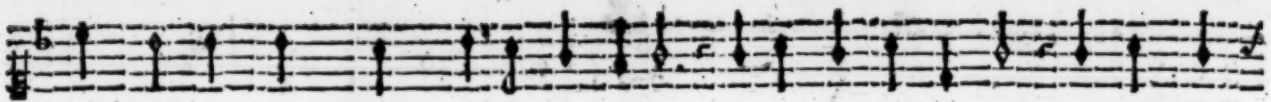
All Lovers hearts that are in care,
To their Ladies they do repare,
In freſh mornings before the day,
And are in mirth ay more and more,
Through gladneſs, &c.

Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer;
Her gliſtring garments are ſo gay, &c.
Your Lovers all, make merry cheer,
Through gladneſs of this luſt May,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

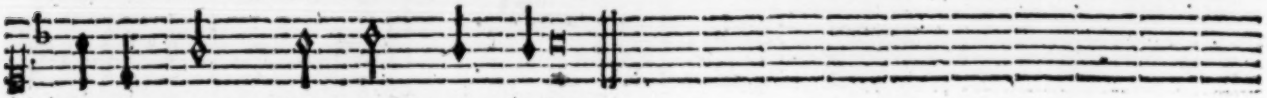
F I N I S.

THE III. SONG.

INto a mirthfull May morning, As Phebus did upſpring, I ſaw a May



both fair and gay, Moſt goodly for to ſee? I ſaid to her be kind, To me that



was ſo pyn'd, For your love truly.

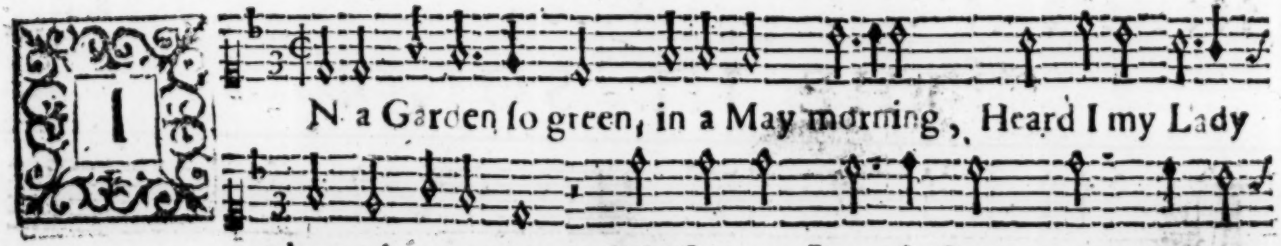
First therefore when I did you know,
You thirl'd my heart ſo low
Unto your Grace: but now in caſe,
Baniſht through falſe report:
But I hope, and I trow,
Once for to ſpeak with you,
Which doth me comfort.

Wherefore, I pray, have mind on me,
True Love, where ever you be:
Where ever I go, both too and fro,
You have my heart alright.
O Lady! fair of hew,
I me commend to you,
Both the day and night.

Since Fortune falſe, unkind, untrue,
Hath exy'ld me from you;
By ſudden chance I ſhall advance
Your honor and your fame.
Above all earthly wight,
To you my truth I plight,
In earneſt, or gain.

FINIS.

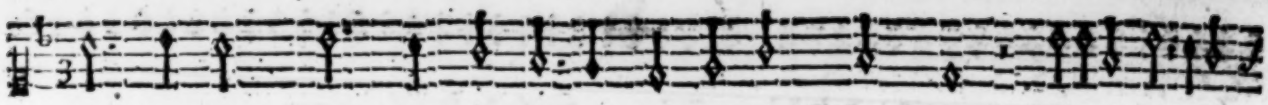
THE IV. SONG.



IN a Garden ſo green, in a May morning, Heard I my Lady

pleen of paramours. Said ſhe, my Love ſo ſweet, come you not

yet



yet, nor yet; Heght you not me to meet amongst the flowrs? Elore, Elore,

Elore, Elore, I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

The skyes up springeth, the dew down dingeth,
The sweet Larks singeth their hours of prime.
Phebus up prenteth, joy to rest wenteth,
So lost is mine intents, and gone's the time
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

Danger my dead is, false fortune my feed is,
And languor my leed is: but hope, I dispair,
Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is:
Deceit out of all ware. Adew, I fare.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Then to my Ladie blyth, did I my presence kyth;
Saying, My Bird, be glade: am I not yours?
So in my armes two, did I the lustie jo;
And kissed her times mo, then night hath hours.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Live in hope, Ladie fair, and repel all dispair:
Trust not that your true Love shal you betray.
When deceit and langor, banisht is from your bowr,
I'le be your paramour, and shal you please.
Elore, Elore, &c.

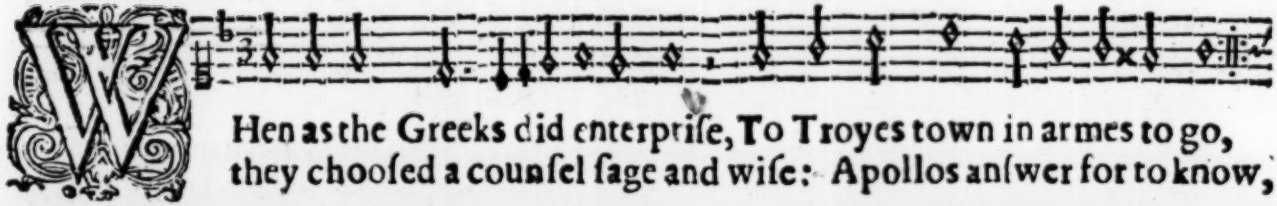
Favour and dutie, unto your bright beautie,
Confirmed hath lawtie, obliedg'd to truth:
So that your soverance, heartie but variance,
Mark in your memorance, mercie and ruth.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Yet for your courtesie, banish all jealousie:
Love for love lustily, do me restore:
Then with us Lovers young, true love shal rest and reign:
Solace shal sweetlie sing for evermore,
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my lustie Love, Elore, Lo.

FINIS.

THE

THE V. SONG.



When as the Greeks did enterprise, To Troyes town in armes to go,
they chooſed a counſel ſage and wiſe: Apollos anſwer for to know,
How they ſhould ſpeed and have ſucceſs, In that ſo great a buſineſs.

Then did they ſend the wiſeſt Greeks,
Appollos anſwer for to know,
Who with the tears upon their cheeks,
But and the fiery flames of wood,
With all ſuch rites as was the guiſe,
They did their great God ſacrifice.

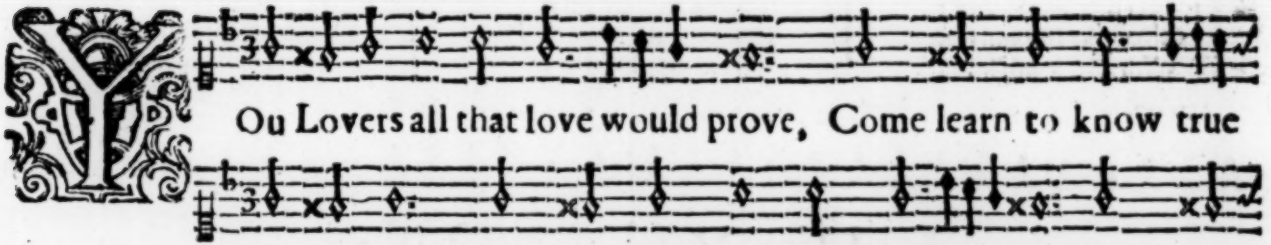
When they had done thus their requeſt,
And ſolemnly their ſervice done,
And drank the wine, and ſlew the beaſt,
Appollo gave them anſwer ſoon:
That Troy and Troyans have theyſhould,
To uſe them fully as they would.

Which anſwer made them not ſo glad,
That they ſhould thus victorious be,
As even the anſwer which I had,
Did alſo joy and comfort me.
For thus then ſaid Appollo mine,
All that thou ſeeks, it ſhal be thine.

FINIS.

THE

THE VI. SONG.



YOu Lovers all that love would prove, Come learn to know true love indeed. Firſt, love the Lord your God above, From whom all goodneſs doth proceed: Pray to him faithfully, To grant his Sp'rit to thee, Thy ſins to mortifie, And that with ſpeed.

Als love thy neighbour heartfully,
Wiſhing his welfare night and day:
Dealing with all men faithfully,
As to thy ſelf thou wouldſt alway.
Beſeech the Lord of might,
His Sp'rit to guide thee right;
His precepts day and night,
For to obey.

Since that the time is here but ſhort
That we in earth are to indure;
Rejoice in God and have comfort,
In Chriſt his Son that bought us dear.
Pray to the Trinitie
One God, and Perſons three,
To ſerve him faithfully,
With heart intiere.

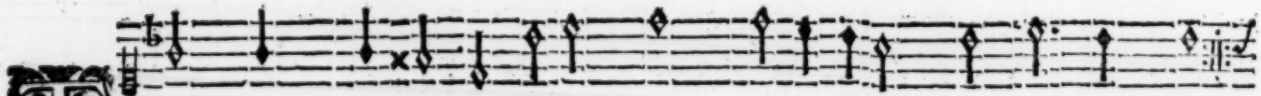
The

The ſacrifice of laud and praiſe,
Sing to the Lord both day and night
With thankſgiving to him always,
For all his benefits ſo bright.
Thy time in vertue ſpend:
Remember on thy end;
See thou thy life amend,
With all thy might.

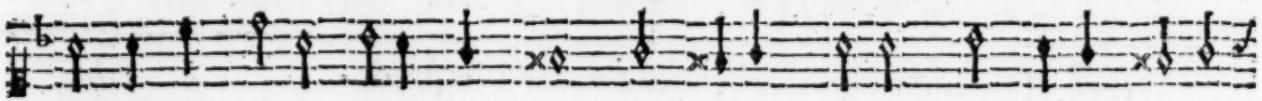
Then ſhalt thou at the latter day,
When Chriſt thee to accoũt ſhal call,
Rejoice in God, and not affray
For fear of anie ſudden fall.
Therefore live merrily
In Love and Charity,
Thanking thy God truly,
What may befall.

Now let us all ſtill watch and pray,
Still waiting on that day and hour,
Whẽ Chriſt ſhal come without delay
To judge all earthly creature.
Then be prepar'd therefore,
With lamps and oyl in ſtore,
To meet that King of glore,
That comes for ay.
F I N I S.

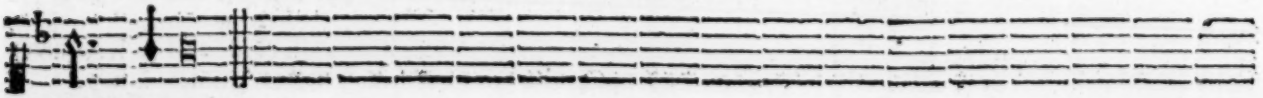
THE VII. SONG.



THe thoughts of men do daily change, As fantaſie breeds in their breaſts,
And now their nature is ſo ſtrange, That few can find where friendſhip reſts:



For double dealing bears ſuch ſway, That honeſt meaning, that honeſt meaning



doth decay.

The

The ſtedfaſt faith that friends profeſt,
Is fred from them, and ſeldom us'd:
He who a faithful friend profeſt,
Doth make his friendſhip now abus'd.
Where one is found a friend indeed,
A ſcore there be, a ſcore there be, that fail at need.

For barren trees will bloom right fair,
As well as thoſe that fruit will yeeld,
Whoſe bark and branches ſeems as fair,
As anie tree within the field.
As ſimple looks the ſubtile man,
As he that no, as he that no, kind falſhood can.

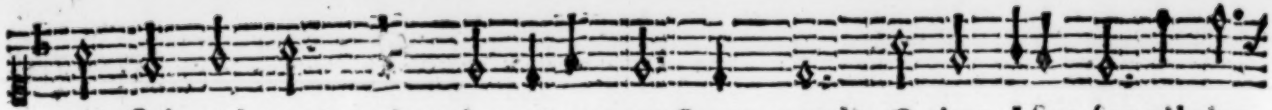
A friend of words where deeds be dead,
Is like a ſpring that water wants:
And he that with fair words is fed,
Doth hope for fruit of wither'd plants:
But who can judge by hew of eye, (ſhould be:
Since deeds are dead, ſince deeds are dead, where truth

The faireſt way that I can find,
Is firſt to try, and then to truſt;
So ſhall affections not be blind,
For proof will ſoon ſpy out the juſt:
And tryal knows who means deceit,
And bids us be, and bids us be-ware of their bait.

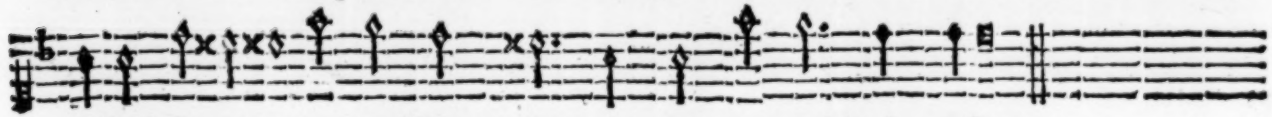
Without good proof be not too bold,
If thou my counſel liſt to take;
In painting words there is no hold,
They be but leaves that wind do ſhake:
But where that words and deeds agree,
Accept that friend, accept that friend, and credit me.

FINIS.

THE VIII. SONG.



now ſick and weak, makes thee thou mayſt not crawle. O then, I ſay, for all thy



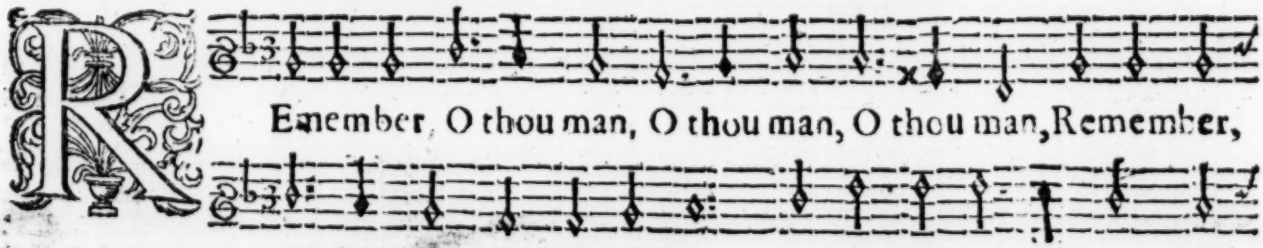
paſſed pleaſure, A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

When on thy bed in anguiſh thou do'ſt ly,
In ſome hard feaver, ſtriving ſtill for breath:
Thy wife and children then upon thee cry:
Some wiſhing life, yet moſt for goods thy death.
O then, I ſay, for all thy paſſed pleaſure,
A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

When foul ſin ſhal appear in its own weed,
Shal thy diſtracted ſenſes ſo affright,
In recordation of thy former deed;
Nothing thou'ſt have but dolor for delight.
O then, I ſay, for all thy paſſed pleaſure,
A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

FINIS.

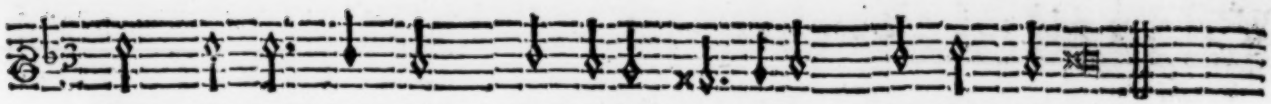
THE IX. SONG.



REmember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man, Remember,

O thou man, thy time is ſpent. Remember, O thou man, how

thou



thou was dead and gone, And I did what I can; therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Adams fall, from heaven to hell.
Remember Adams fall, how we were condemned all,
In hell perpetual, therein to dwel.

Remember Gods goodneſs, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Gods goodneſs, his promiſe made.
Remember Gods goodneſs, how he ſent his Son doubtleſs,
Our ſins for to redreſs: be not afraid.

The Angels all did ſing, O thou man, O thou man,
The Angels all did ſing, on the ſhepherds hill.
The Angels all did ſing praiſe to our heavenly King,
And peace to man living, with a good will.

The ſhepherds amaz'd was, O thou man, O thou man,
The ſhepherds amaz'd was, to hear Angels ſing.
The ſhepherds amaz'd was, how it ſhould come to paſs,
That CHRIST our MESSIAS, ſhould be our King.

To Bethlem did they go, O thou man, O thou man,
To Bethlem they did go, the ſhepherds three.
To Bethlem they did go, to ſee if it were ſo or no;
Whither Chriſt was born or no, to ſet man free.

As th'Angels before did ſay, O thou man, O thou man
As th'Angels before did ſay, ſo it came to paſs.
As th'Angels before did ſay, they found a Babe where he lay.
In a manger, wrapt in hay, ſo poor he was.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man,
In Bethlem he was born, for mankinds ſake.
In Bethlem he was born, for us that was forlorn;
And therefore took no ſcorn, our fleſh to take.

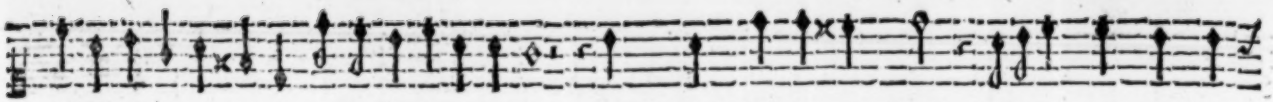
Give thanks to God always, O thou man, O thou man
Give thanks to God always, moſt joyfully.
Give thanks to God always, for this our happy day,
Let all now ſing and ſay, Holy, Holy.

FINIS

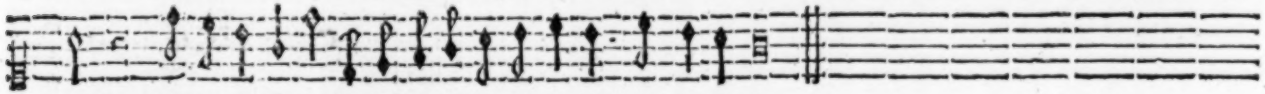
THE X. SONG.

NOw is the month of Maying, When merry Lads are playing, Fa la

la la



la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. Each with his bony Lass, Upon the greeny



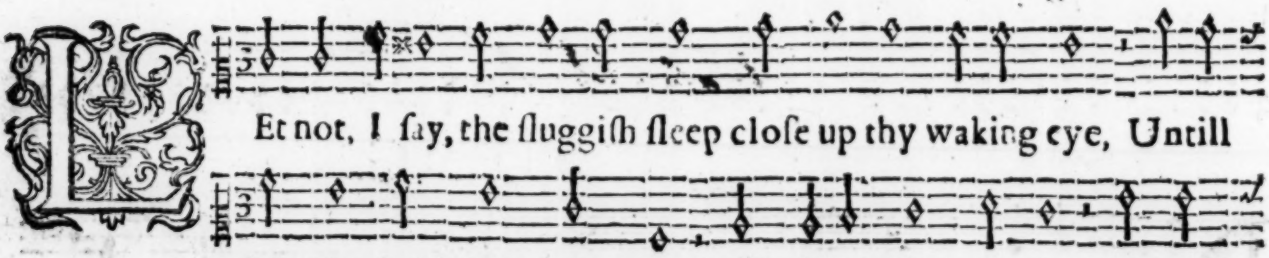
grass. Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la fa la.

The Spring clade all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winters sadness, Fa la la, &c.
And to the Bag pipes sound,
The Maids tread out their ground, Fa la la, &c.

Fy then, why are we musing,
Youths sweet delight refusing? Fa la la, &c.
Say, dainty Nymphs, and speak,
Shal we play barley-break? Fa la la, &c.

FINIS.

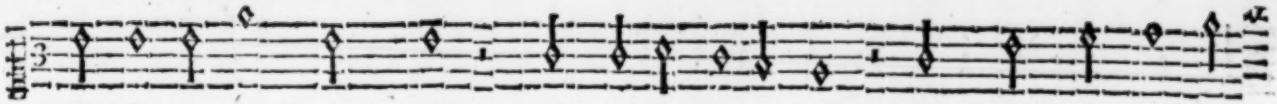
THE XI. SONG.



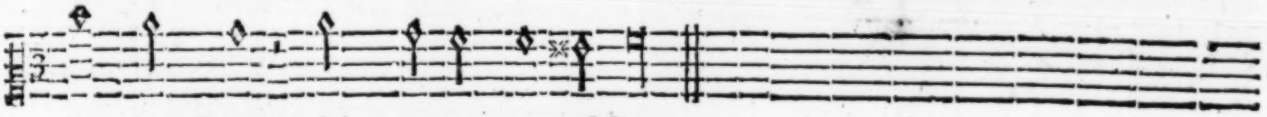
LEt not, I say, the sluggish sleep close up thy waking eye, Untill

that thou with judgement deep, thy daily deeds do try. He that

one



one ſin in conſcience keeps, while he to quyet goes; More venterous is then



he that ſleeps with twenty mortal foes.

Wherefore at night call into mind,
how thou the day hath ſpent:
Praying to God, if ought thou find,
and then in time repent.
And ſince thy bed a patern is
of death and fatal tears,
Bedwart it ſhal not be amiſs,
this to record in verſe.

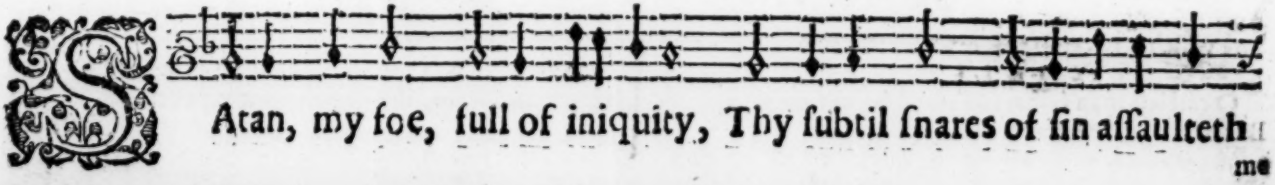
My bed is like the grave ſo cold;
and ſleep which ſteeks mine eye,
Reſembleth death; cloaths which me fold,
declare the mould ſo dry:

The friſking fleas, reſembleth well
the wringing worm to me,
Which with me in the grave ſhal dwel,
when I no light ſhal ſee.

The mightie bell which I hear knel,
when I am laid in bed,
Moſt like a bitter trumpet ſell,
ev'r ſhouting in my head:
My riſing in the morn likewiſe,
when ſleepy night is paſt,
Puts me in mind that I muſt riſe
to Judgement at the laſt.

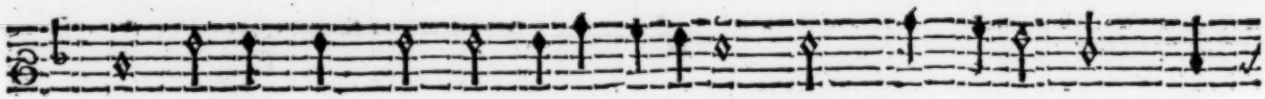
FINIS.

THE XII. SONG.

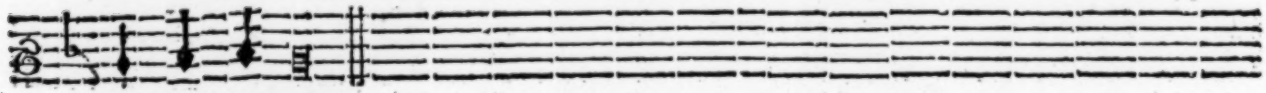


Atan, my foe, full of iniquity, Thy ſubtil ſnares of ſin aſſaulteth

me



me, Againſt my Lord and Maker to rebell, With ſweet allurements leads



the way to hell.

CHRIST.

O ſinful man, ſince God hath creat thee
A living ſoul, to ſerve him faithfullie;
And from the hell he thee redeem'd again:
Obey my voice, and from thy ſins refrain.

SINNER.

Alace! Satan, the world, and fleſh alſo,
All three in one conſpired hath my woe,
Me to intrape in ſinful pleaſures here,
Through ſin and ſathan, death and endleſs fear.

CHRIST.

Believe my word, and in thy heart imprint
My ſuffrings for thy ſake, and do repent.
Pray to our Father for the Sp'rit of grace:
To mend thy life, God grant thee time and ſpace.

SINNER.

Alace! my fore-ſaid foes full craftily
Doth me entiſe from thy precepts to fly;
And follow pleaſures of my fleſh and ſin,
The which is ſweet to paſs my time therein.

CHRIST.

O careleſs man! that ſweetneſs brings no gain,
But in the end eternal woe and pain,
Fly ſin therefore, the Sabbath day thou keep:
My Word will draw thee from that ſinful ſleep.

SINNER.

Alace! my Lord, I fight continually
Againſt the Devil, the world, and fleſh, all three:
So that my wits and ſenſes are grown dumb,
Clogged with worldly things, almoſt ov'rcome.

CHRIST.

Caſt firſt thy care to conquer heaven above,
Through faith in me, and godly works in love:
Thy Father who doth know thy preſent need,
Will thee ſupply of worldly things with ſpeed.

SINNER.

Proſperity makes me ſometimes misknow:
Adverſity makes me deſpair and low
Whiles with the one and other am torment,
Which marrs my mind, and makes me mal-content.

CHRIST.

If riches grow, ſet not thy heart thereon,
Leſt that it make thee like the rich Glutton.
Riches well us'd, Gods bleſſing doth procure:
If croſt with want, then Lazarus was poor.

Betwixt

SINNER.

Betwixt these two, I crave to stand content,
If so it please my God for to consent:
Praying therefore I seek to please his will,
And be brought home, thy flock and fold until.

CHRIST.

Thou art not able for to run that race,
To please his will, without his Sp'rit of grace:
Therefore beseech his divine Majestie,
To banish sin, and grant his Sp'rit to thee.

SINNER.

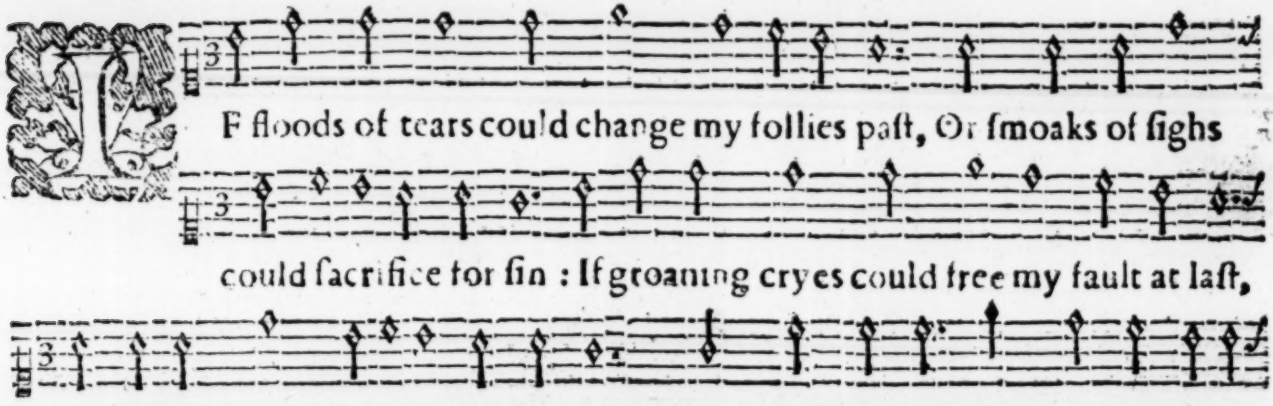
I shal beseech my Lord and God of might,
The Father, Son and Sp'rit, to guide me right;
That I may walk in thy true fear and love,
And at the last attain thy joyes above.

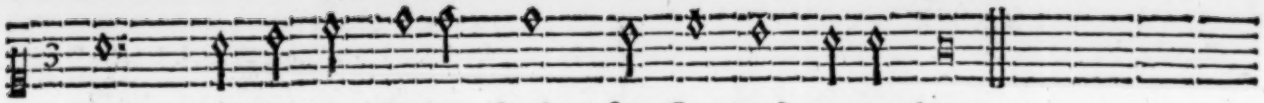
CHRIST

If so thou do thy prayer shal be heard,
And in the heavens for thee a place prepar'd.
Then serve thy God, and praise his holy Name,
Obey my voice, and still with me remain.

FINIS.

THE XIII. SONG.



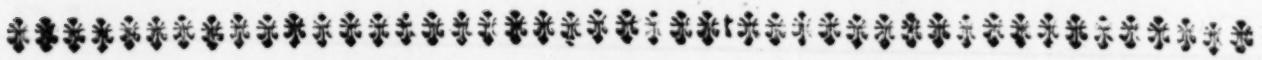


groan, For follies, faults, faults, for ſins and errors done.

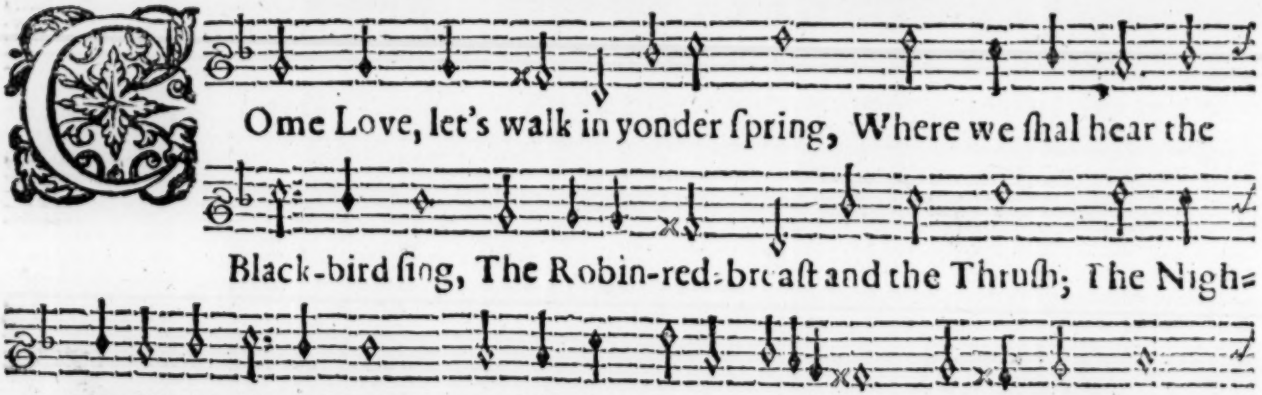
I ſee my hopes are blaſted in their bud,
And find mens favours are like fading flowrs:
I find too late that words can do no good,
But loſs of time, and languiſhing of hours.
Thus ſince I ſee, I ſigh, and ſay therefore,
Hopes, favors, words, begone, begone, beguile no more.

Since man is nothing but a maſs of clay,
Our days not elſe but ſhadows on the wall:
Truſt in the Lord, who lives and laſts for ay;
Whoſe favour found will neither fade nor fail.
My God, to thee I reſign my mouth and mind:
No truſt in youth, in youth, nor faith in age I find.

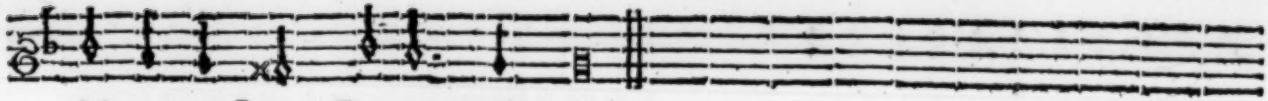
FINIS.



THE XIV. SONG.



COme Love, let's walk in yonder ſpring, Where we ſhal hear the Black-bird ſing, The Robin-red-breaſt and the Thruſh; The Nightingale in thorny buſh: The Mavis ſweetly caroling, This to my Love, this



this to my Love Content will bring.

In yonder dale grows fragrant flowrs,
With many ſweet and ſhady bowrs:
A pearly brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams
Are beautifi'd with Phebus beams,
Still ſtealing through the trees ſo fair;
Becauſe Diana, becauſe Diana,
Batheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train,
Comes tripping through the Park amain:
And in this Grove ſhe here will ſtay,
At Barly-break to ſport and play;
Where we ſhall ſit us down and ſee
Fair beautie mixt, fair beautie mixt
With Chaſtitie.

All her delight is, as you ſee,
Here for to ſport, and here to be,
Delighting in this ſilver ſtream,
Only to bath her ſelf therein:
Until Acteon her eſpy'd,
Then to the Thicket, then to the Thicket
She her hyed.

And there by Magick Art ſhe wrought,
Which in her heart ſhe firſt had thought,
By ſecret ſpeed away to flee,
Whilſt he a Hart was turn'd to be.

Thus whilſt he view'd Dianas train,
His life he loſt, his life he loſt,
Her love to gain.

Another of the ſame.

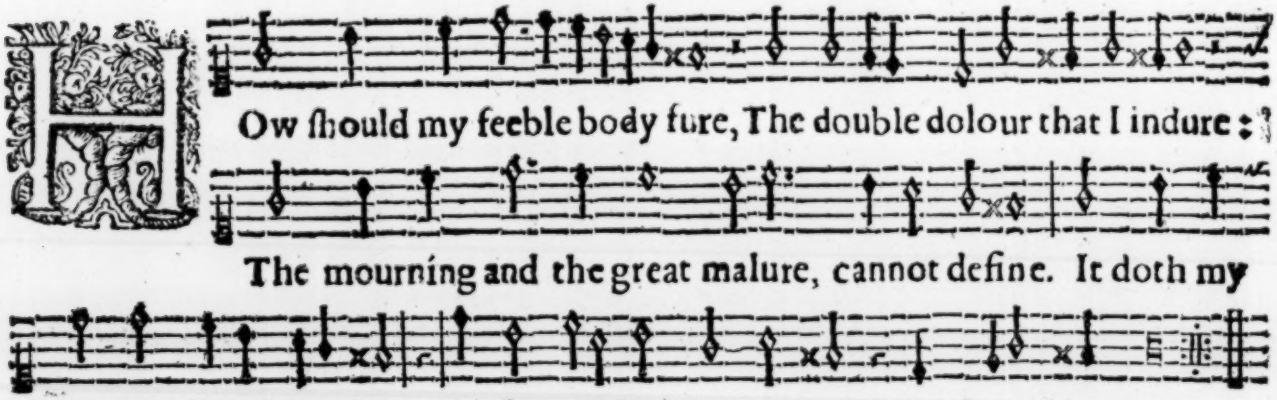
COme, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,
There to remain for ever ſtill;
Where Prophets, 'poſtles, and juſt folk,
With Martyrs on a row do walk,
The Angels ſweetly caroling:
This to my ſoul, this to my ſoul,
Content ſhal bring.

In Gods houſe manie manſions are,
Which Chriſt is gone for to prepare
For his Elect, and own dear friends;
Where joy remains and never ends.
Gods Saints ſhal thither all repair;
Becauſe the Lamb, becauſe the Lamb,
Of God reigns there.

We ſhal behold the Lord amain,
Come through the clouds with Angels train:
And in the twinkling of an eye,
We ſhal aſcend up through the skie;
Where we ſhal ſit us down and ſing
Sweet Pſalms of praiſe, ſweet Pſalms of praiſe
To Jehovah King.

FINIS.

THE XV. SONG.



How should my feeble body fure, The double dolour that I indure:
The mourning and the great malure, cannot define. It doth my
balefull breaſt combure, To ſee another have in cure, that ſhould be mine.

For well I wot was never wight,
That could inforce his mind & might
To love and ſerve his Ladie bright,
and want her ſine:
As I do martyr day and night,
Without that onlie thing of right,
that ſhould be mine.

Were I of puiſſance for to prove
My lowlie and my heartlie love,
I ſhould her mind to mercie move,
with ſuch propine,
Were all the world at my behove,
She ſhould it have at here behove,
for to be mine.

Now whō to ſhal I make my moan;
For truth nor conſtancie is none;
For all the faithful love is gone,
of feminine.
It would oppreſs an heart of ſtone
To ſee my loſs, for her alone
that ſhould be mine.

Who ſhal my dulled ſpirits raiſe,
Since not for love my Ladie goes?
For if good ſervice might her pleaſe,
ſhe ſhould incline.
I die in dolour and diſeaſe,
And others hath her as they pleaſe,
that ſhould be mine.

I may perceive right well by this,
That all the blythneſs, joy and bliſs,
The luſtie wanton life I wiſh
of love, is hine.

What

What remedie ſince ſo it is?
But patience, ſuppoſe I miſs
that ſhould be mine.

For Nobles hath not ay renovvn,
Nor Gentles ay the gayeſt govvn:
They carie victuals to the tovvn
that vvorſe doth dine.
So buſily to busk I bovvn,
And others beats the berry dovvn,
that ſhould be mine.

Who can the rage of youthhood dauñt
Let him to Lovers Court go haunt,
And him as Venus ſubject grant,
and keep her trine;
Perchance he ſhal find mercy skant,
And able his revvard not vvant,
as I do mine.

FINIS.

THE XVI. SONG.

As vvith the vvind oppreſſed is the corn,
The ſtone thirled vvith rainy drops great;
And vvith the vvorm the ſcarlet rent and ſhorn;
So is my heart overthral'd and overſet:
My ſalt tears are mingled vvith bloody ſvveat,
Pale is my face, and faded is my hevv,
Of Loves lair, alace! that ever I knevv.

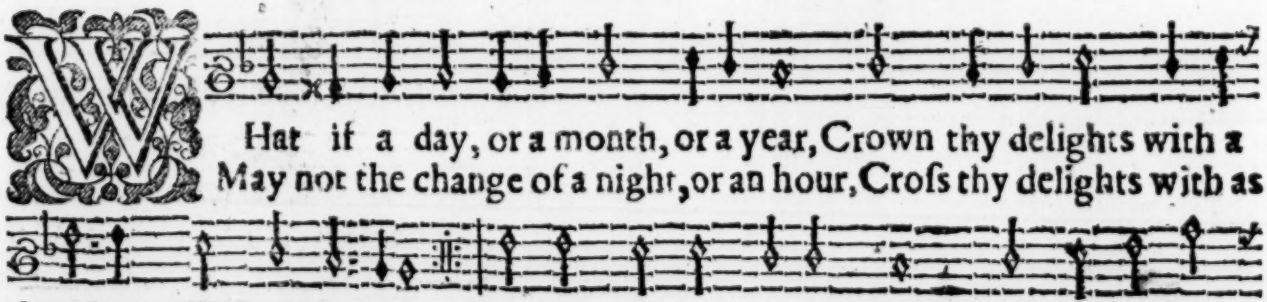
I ſeek remead unto my deadly wound,
As fire in yce, and heat in marble ſtone:
I find a quadrant in a figure round,
A deaf ſophiſt a probleme to expound;
I ſeek the truth in heart vvhere there is none:
As vvho vvould fiſh upon the mountains hie,
Or go to gather berries in the ſea.

Novv is my care through old occaſion,
Old is my vvound, my pains are very ſore;
The more I ſeek for conſolation,
My heavineſs increaſeth more and more:
I love, alace! and all my love is lore,
More vvo I vviſh dread never man on eard:
Such is my chance, ſuch is my hapleſs vveard.

I have enough and more for to complean
Of every care that may my dool diſtreſs:
Hovv may my tongue or hand expreſs the pain?
Becauſe the truth unable is to gueſs,
I love, alace! not vvith thoſe cares expreſs'd,
My deadly ghoſt: but rather vvith the dart,
Bereave my life, as thou haſt done my heart.

FINIS.

THE *XVII.* SONG.



dying. All our joyes are but toyes, Idle thoughts deceiving.
flying. None hath power of an hour, Of his lifes bereaving.

Th'earth's but a point of the vvorld, and a man,
Is but a point of the Earths compared centure:
Shal then the point of a point be ſo vain,
As to triumph in a ſilly points adventure.
All is hazard that vve have,
Here is nothing byding:
Days of pleaſure are as ſtreams
Through fair meadovvs glyding.
Well or vvo, time doth go,
Time hath no returning.
Secret Fates guides our States,
Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a ſmile, or a beck, or a look
Feed thy fond thoughts vvith many vain conceivings:
May not that ſmile, or that beck, or that look,
Tell thee as vvell they are all but falſe deceivings,
Why ſhould Beautie be ſo proud,
In things of no ſurmounting?
All her vvealth is but a ſhrevvd,
Nothing of accounting.
Then in this, ther's no bliſs,
Which is vain and idle,
Beauties flowrs have their hourt,
Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the World with a lure of its wealth,
Raiſe thy degree to great place of hie advancing.
May not the World by a check of that wealth,
Bring thee again to as low deſpiſed changing.
While the Sun of wealth doth ſhine,
Thou ſhalt have friends plentie;
But come want, they repine,
Not one abides of twentie.
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As thy fortunes riſe and fall:
Up and down, ſmile and frown,
Certain is no ſtate at all.

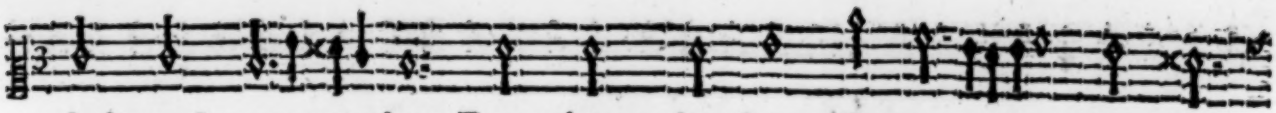
What if a grip, or a ſtrain, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of ſickneſs:
May not that grip, or that ſtrain, or that fit,
Show thee the form of thine own true perfect lickneſs.
Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes;
Mirth is but a ſilly toy,
Which miſhap eſtranges.
Tell me than, ſilly man,
Why art thou ſo weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardie,
When thou mayſt in quiet ſit.

FINIS.

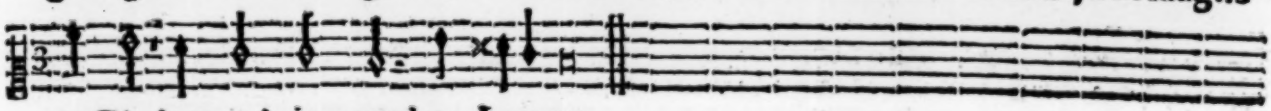
THE

THE XVIII. SONG.

Like as the dumb *Solſequium* with care ov'rcome, Doth ſorrow when the Sun goes out of ſight: Hangs down her head, and droups as dead, and will not ſpread; But lurks her leaves through langor of the night, Till fooliſh Phaëton riſe with whip in hand, To clear the criſtal skyes, and light the land. Birds in their bour, waits for that hour; And to their King a glad



glad good-morrow gives, From thence that flowr likes not to lour, But laughs



on Phebus op'ning out her Leaves.

So ſtands't with me, except I be where I may ſee
My lamp of light, my Ladie and my Love:
When ſhe departs, ten thouſand darts from ſundrie airts,
Thirles through mine heart but reſt or roove:
My countenance declares mine inward grief,
And Hope almoſt diſpairs to find relief.
I die, I dwine, love doth me pine:
I loath on everie thing I look, alace!
Till Titan mine upon me ſhine,
That I revive through favor of her grace.

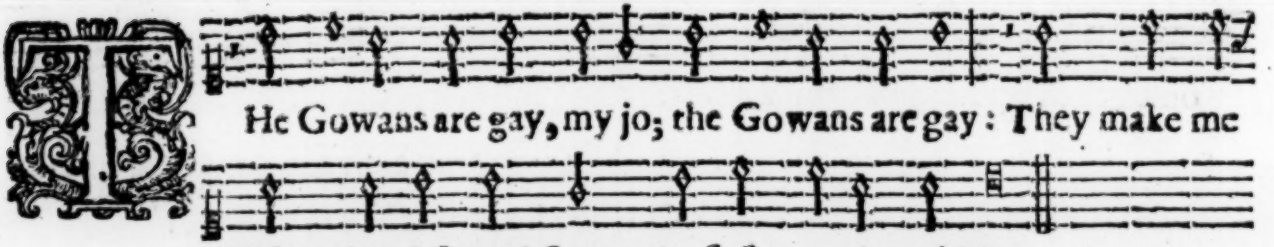
Fra ſhe appear into her Sphear, begins to clear
The dawning of my long deſired day:
Then Courage cryes on Hope to riſe, fra ſhe eſpyes
The noyſome night of abſence went away:
No wo can me awake, nor yet impeſh,
But on my ſtately ſtalk I flowriſh freſh:
I ſpring, I ſprout, my leaves break out;
My color changeth in an heartſom hew:
No more I lout, but ſtands up ſtout,
As glad of her, of whom I onlie grew.

O happie day! go not away, Apollo ſtay
Thy cart from going down into the VVeſt:
Of me thou make thy Zodiack, that I may take,
My pleaſure to behold whom I love beſt.
Her preſence me reſtores to life from death,
Her abſence alſo ſhores to cut my breath:
I wiſh in vain, thee to remain,
Since *Primum mobile* doth ſay me nay.
At leaſt, my vane, haſte ſoon again.
Fare-well, with patience perforce, till day.

FINIS.

THE

THE XIX. SONG.



About the fields as I did paſs,
the Gowans are gay:
I chanc'd to meet a proper Laſs,
the firſt morning of May.

Right buſie was that bony Maid,
the Gowans are gay:
And I thereafter to her ſaid,
the firſt morning of May.

O Ladie fair, what do you here?
the Gowans are gay: (ſpear?
Gathring the dew, what needs you
the firſt morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?
the Gowans are gay:
She ſaid, To waſh my Ladie clean,
the firſt morning of May.

I asked farther at her ſine,
the Gowans are gay:
To my will if ſhe vvould incline,
the firſt morning of May.

She ſaid her erand vvas not there,
the Govvans are gay:
Her maiden-head on me to vvare,
the firſt morning of May.

Thus left I her, and paſt my vvay,
the Gowans are gay:
Into a garden me to play,
the firſt morning of May.

(ſweet,
Where there were birds ſinging full
the Gowans are gay:
Unto me comfort was full meet,
the firſt morning of May.

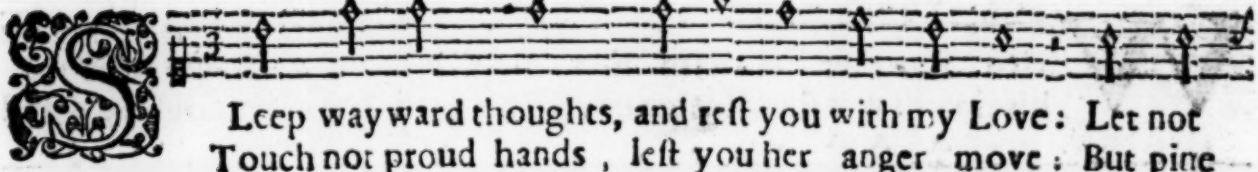
And thereabout I paſt my time,
the Gowans are gay:
VVhile that it was the hour of Prime,
the firſt morning of May.

And then returned home again,
the Gowans are gay:
Panſing what Maiden that had been,
the firſt morning of May.

FINIS.

THE

THE XX. SONG.



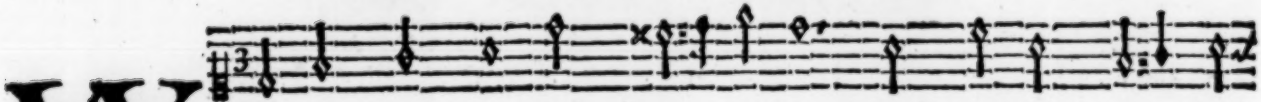
Sleep wayward thoughts, and rest you with my Love: Let not
Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move: But pine
my love be with my Love diseas'd. Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her
you with my longings long displeas'd.
sake: So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires
The glories and the beauties that appear
Betwixt her brows, near Cupids closed fires.
Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake;
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake

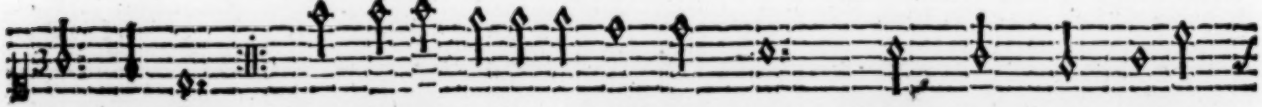
My Love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:
Fear in my Love, and yet my Love secure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my Love oppress:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperatour.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake.
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake

FINIS.

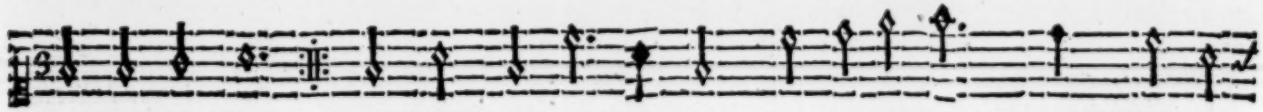
THE XXI. SONG.



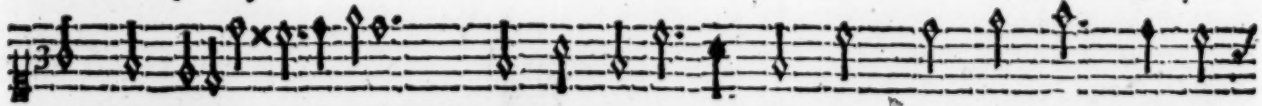
WHen Fa-ther A-dam firſt did flee, From preſence of the
his cloaths was ſhort ſcarce coverd his knee, The great God cry'd, and



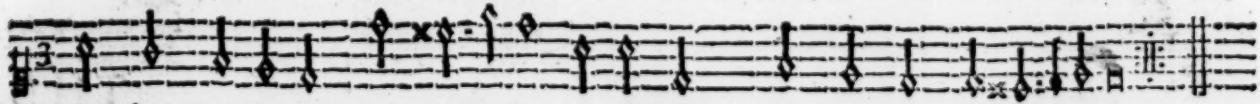
Lord his face, Stay Adam *ij* ſaith the Lord, Where art thou, Adam?
held him in chace. I was a-fraid to hear thy voice, And na-ked thus to



turn thee and ſtay: Who hath reveal'd to thee, That naked thou ſhouldſt be, Or
come in thy way:



haſt thou eaten of the tree, Which I cõmanded thee, It touch'd it ſhould not be,



Therefore beginneth thy miſerie, O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

The

The Woman which thou gave to me
To be my helper, as I thought,
Did eat, and also counsel'd me,
Which now, alace! is dearly bought.
The Serpent false hath me beguil'd,
That rebel to thy Majesty;
For to have us and ours exyl'd,
With his rebellious company.
That is no excuse
To leave the Lord, and use
The counsel of thine enemie;
Blest freedom to refuse,
Soul and body to abuse:
Pity, O Adam! I pity thee:
O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

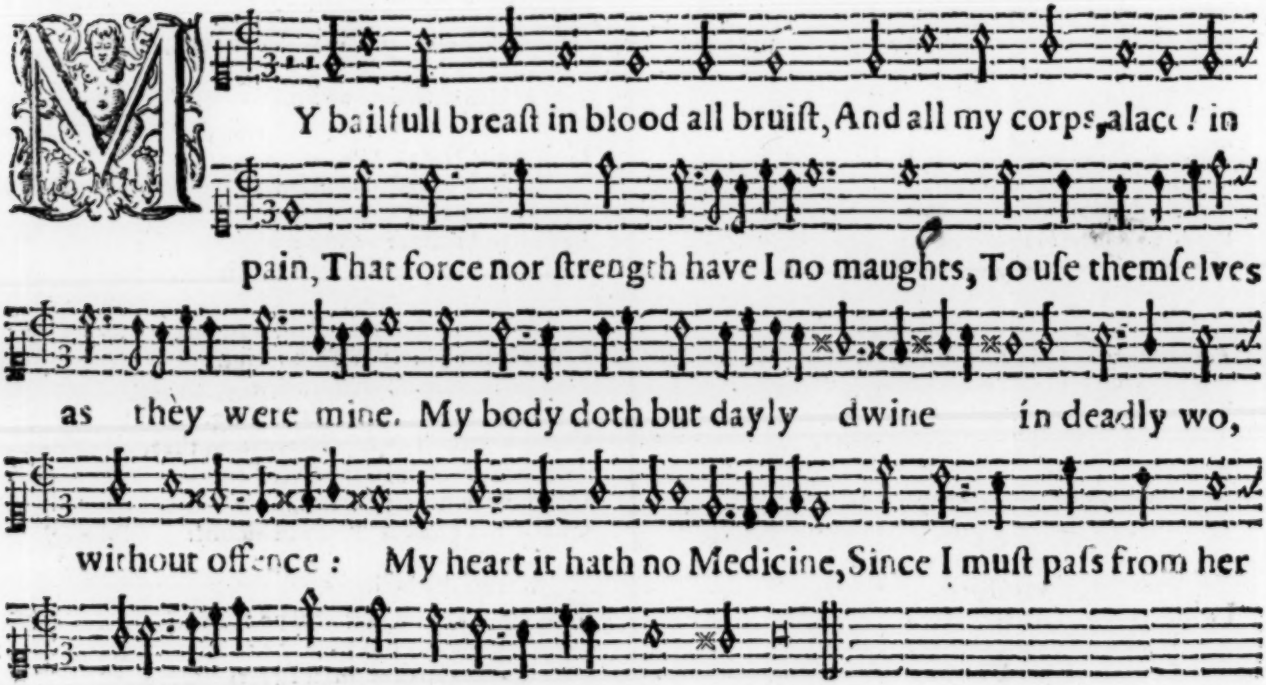
Yet for thy fault thou punisht shalt be:
And in place of pleasure and ease,
Nothing but labor shal be to thee:
Thy meat win with sweat and disease.
And thou, O Eve! in stead of mirth,
And pleasant Paradice preclair,
In grievous pains shal be thy birth,
With many a sigh and groan full fair:
Yet from thine enemie,
And Satans crueltie,
I will surely ay seet thee free,
If thou wilt turn to me,
Obey and thankful be:
Surely thou shalt be dear to me:
O Adam! poor Adam! dear shalt thou be.

But thou the Serpent that did go
So sliely up upon the field;
Shal on thy belly creep also;
The dust shal be thy meat and bield:
Cursed shalt thou be for ever,
Enemy to the womans seed:
He shal prevail, but thou shalt never;
For he shal bruise thee on the head;
And shal restore again,
From death and endless pain,
My servant David to be with me,
Where he shal ay remain
With me his Soverain,
In joy and bless eternally:
O Adam! O Adam! thus shal it be.

Away went Satan most discontent,
Christ being promised for to reign:
And metamorphos'd his intent,
Through power of hismightie King.
Our freedom, Lord, we have from thee,
That bowels of mercie powred out
Upon thy whole posterity,
Of thy free grace withoutten doubt.
Therefore we all humbly
Intreat thy Majestie,
That we may ever thankful be:
And for our sins contrite:
Praying to thee most sweet,
O Jesus! dear Jesus! have pity on me.
O Adam! dear Adam! I pity thee.

FINIS.

THE XXII. SONG.



Uncertain

Uncertain of the time and place,
When that we two ſhould meet again:
No force of all yet gave her grace,
VVould once relieve me of my pain.
Alace! fair words are but a train,
And ſerves thy body but a ſpace,
VVithout good hope, time's ſpent in vain:
I ſay no more, but oft, helas!

Alace that ever I ſaw her face,
Or had it in remembrance;
Alace! that ever I knew the place,
VVhere firſt we made our acquaintance:
VVo worth the love of ignorance,
To love where no love can abide.
VVo worth the framed ignorance,
Since dol'rous death muſt be my guide.

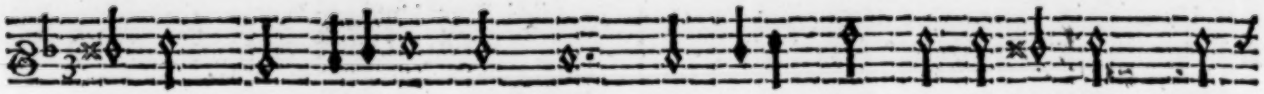
Albeit as yet I ſuffer pain,
Not all is vain, my time is ſpent:
For ſhe that hath my faithful heart,
VVould heart out of my bowels rent:
And alter many wits content,
VVho lifts to look on her a ſpace,
VVas never beautie more excellent,
But may be ſeen into her face.

And yet ſuppoſe my heart were free
At liberty but any pain,
It were impoſſible to me,
But it would ſoon return again
To her with whom it did remain,
Above all earthly wight alive.
Sweet heart, relieve me of my pain:
Relieve me, or I end my life.

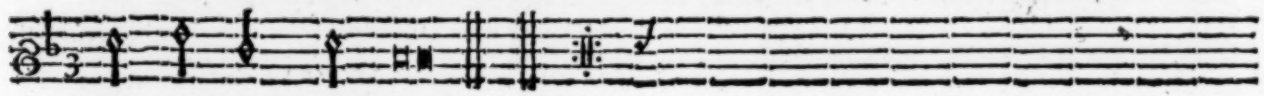
FINIS

THE *XXIII.* SONG.

med



med fair, She only I could love, She only drew me to diſpair, When
to die, That I my joys might end. She only which did make me flee, My



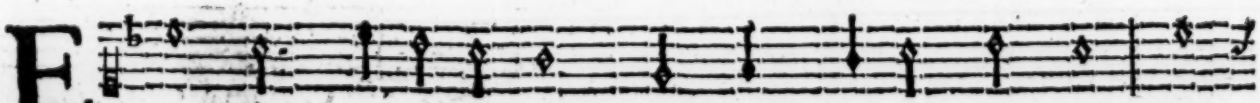
ſhe unkind did prove.
ſtate may now a-mend.

If ſhe eſteem thee now ought worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth
VVhich ſo diſpair hath prov'd.
Diſpair hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconſtant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If ſhe at laſt reward my love,
And all my harmes repair.

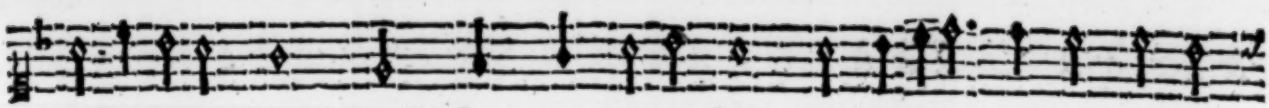
Thy happineſs will ſweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep diſpair:
And if that now thou welcome be,
VVhen thou with her do'ſt meet;
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joyes more ſweet.

FINIS.

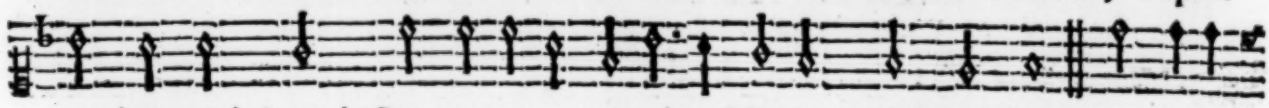
THE XXIV. SONG.



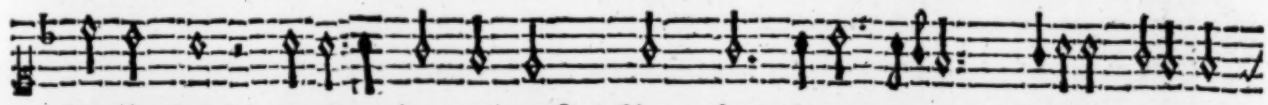
EVen Death, behold I breath; My breath procures my pain; Elſe
dolor



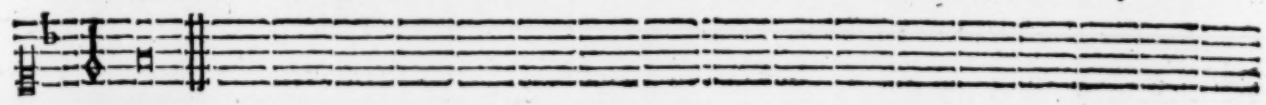
dolor after death, ſhould ſlack when I am ſlain. But deſtinies diſdain, ſo ſpan



my froward threed, But mercy to remain a Martyr quick and dead. O cruell



deadly feed ! O rigor but remorſe ! Since there is no remead, Come patience



perforce.

The Fates, my froward Fates,
With wicked vvierds have vvrought
My ſtate of all eſtates,
Unhappieſt to be thought.
Have I offended ought,
Or wrought againſt their vvill;
But mercie then they might
Conclude my corps to kill:
But as they have no skill
Of reaſon, nor regard,
The innocent and ill,
Receive a like revvard.

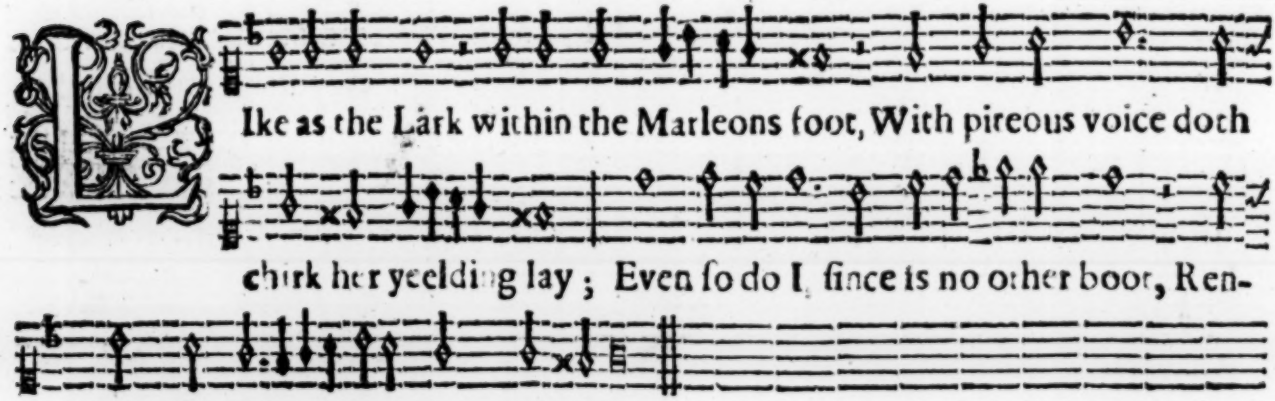
My heart but reſt or rove,
Reuth, reaſon or reſpect,
With fortuns death and love,
Is keeped under check,
That novv there is no neck,
Nor draught to make debate;
But needs muſt burſt and break,
For love muſt have his mate:
Relief, alace! is late,
Since I am forc'd to flie;
I ſtand in ſtrange eſtate,
I love, I dvvyn, I die.

Yet time ſhal try my truth,
And painful patient part;
Though love vvould rage but reuth,
And death vvith deadly dart
Should ſtay to cure my ſmart.
On fortunes fickle vvheel,
All ſhal not change my heart,
Which is as true as ſteel:
I am not like an Eel,
To ſlip avvay and ſlide;
Love, fortune, death, farevvel,
Where I am bound, I'le bide.

FINIS.

THE

THE *XXV.* SONG.



Like as the Lark within the Marleons foot, With pireous voice doth chirk her yeelding lay; Even so do I, since is no other boot, Rendring my Song unto your will obey.

Your vertue mounts above my force so hie,
That with your beauties seas'd I am so sure,
That there remains resistance none in me;
But patiently your pleasure to endure.

And in your will my fancie shal depend,
My life and death consists into your will:
I rather would my life were at an end,
Then in dispair this way continue still.

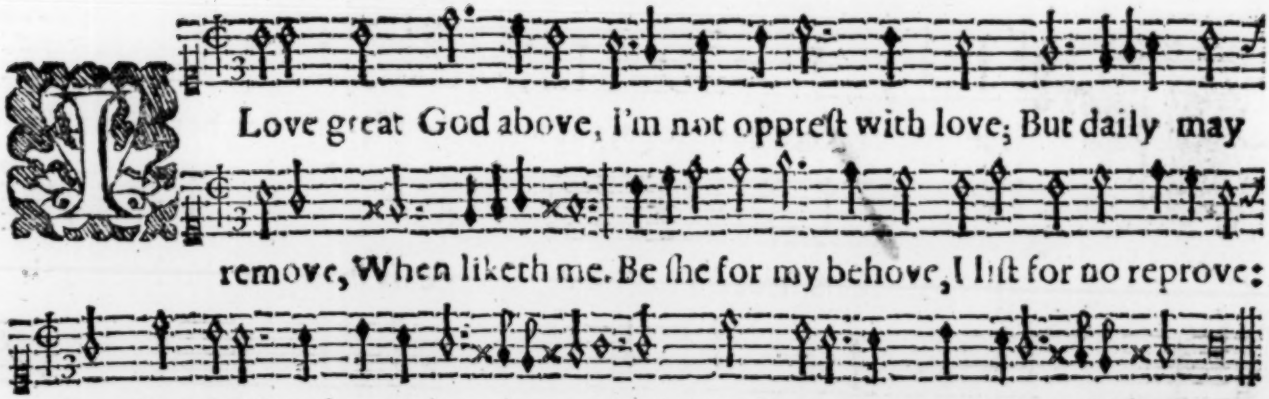
Wounded I am, with deadly darts dint,
Fetter'd with fetters, dispairing of relief;
Lying in langor as careful captive tint,
And ye the cause of all my wo and grief.

And since there is no pity more in place,
But that your cruelty doth thrist my blood:
I am content to have no other grace,
But let it out, if it may do you good.

FINIS.

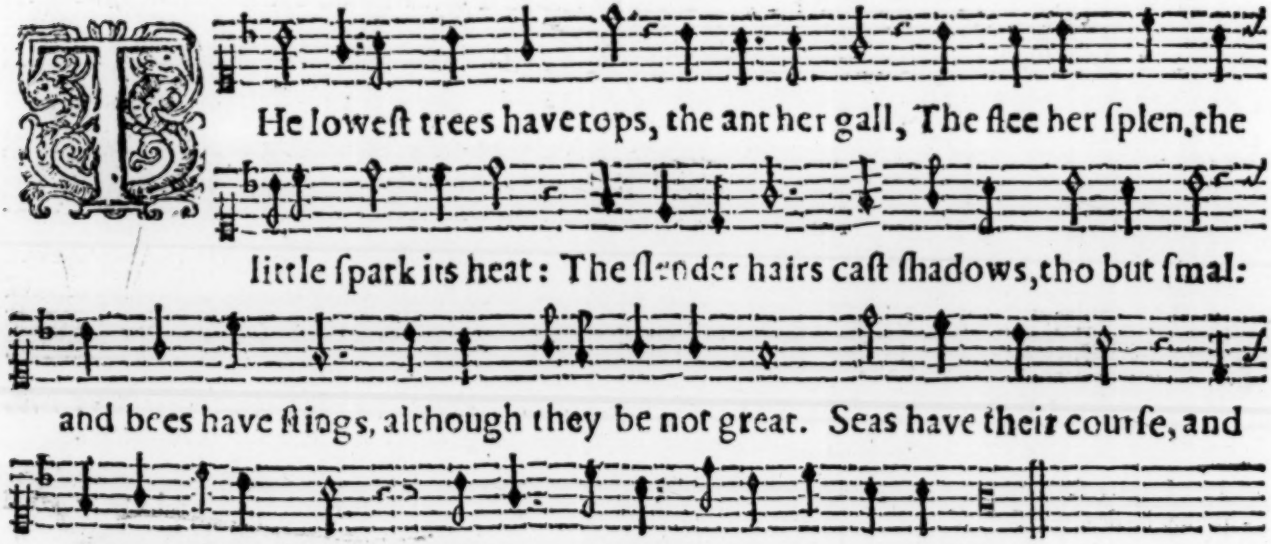
THE

THE *XXVI.* SONG.



I ſee Lovers anew,
That are both truſt and true,
For love changes hide and hew,
And blaikned be,
When ſhe liſts not to rew,
Why ſhould I more purſue?
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will love me.
Since wicked variance,
And falſe diſſimulance,
And double inconſtance
Beareth the gree:
Since faithful obſervance,
Can get no recompence:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will love me.
Since faith cannot be found,
Nor pity can abound,
Why ſhould I run on ground,
And cannot flee?
As good love loſt as found,
Far better looſe then bound:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will love me.
Since I am not her meaſe;
She is ſo ill to pleaſe,
Love doth her moſt diſeaſe,
That cannot flee.
Since as good comes as goes,
My heart yet ſhal I raiſe:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will love me. *FINIS.*

THE XXVII. SONG.



Where waters ſmootheſt are, deep are the Foords:
The dyal ſturs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words:
The turtles cannot ſing, and yet they love:
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue to ſpeak;
They hear, and ſee, and ſigh, and then they break.

The Anſwere.

Buſhes have tops, but the Cedar greater:
A hair caſts ſhadow leſs then Pharaohs towr:
The ſpark caſts heat, but greater heat the fire,
A bee can ſting, not like a ſcorpions power,

Seas

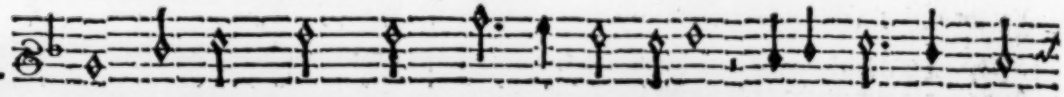
Seas have their course, and so have little springs:
So beggars love, but greater love have Kings.

Rough are deep seas, when smooth run shallow foords,
The ratt makes noise, before the dyal move.

The firmest faith is still confirm'd with words,
And turtles mourn in loosing of their love.
If hearts have eyes and ears, the tongue can speak:
They'l hear, and see, and sigh before they'l break

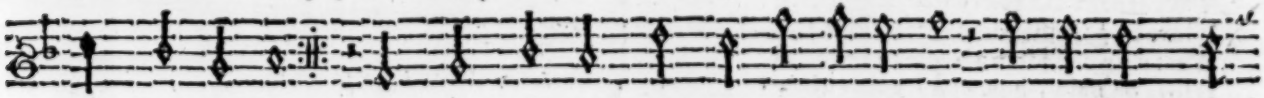
FINIS.

THE XXVIII. SONG.



WHere art thou hope, that promis'd me relief? Come hear my doom
Come, traitor hope, that all men doth mischief, Come here let see,

pronounced by disdain. Alace! sweet hope, where is thy scope? Or where
and ease me of my pain: Why flees thou me, to make me die? Wilt thou



shalt thou remain? Since hope is gone, and cannot me remead, In bondage thus
not come again?

I must bide fortunes fead, I must bide fortunes fead.

I had

I had a heart, and now I heartleſs go:
I had a mind that dayly was oppreſt:
I had a friend that's now become my foe,
I had a will, yet can I get no reſt.
What have I now? nothing I trow,
But ſpite where I had joy.
What am I then? a heartleſs man:
Should love me thus deſtroy?
I love and ſerve one whom I do regard,
Yet for my love, diſdain is my reward.

If promis'd faith, and ſecret love intend,
And chooſe but doubt, I thought I had done well;
If fixed eye and inward heart do bind
A man in love, as now my heart doth feel;
What pain is love? Or what may move
A man for to diſpair?
Nothing ſo great as hie deſpite
Of his ſweet Lady fair:
Such is my chance, as now I moſt confeſs:
I love a love though ſhe be mercileſs.

What pain can pierce a heart that I do want,
If love be pain that doth anie ſubdue?
What pain can force a bodie to be faint?
If love be pain, how can I pain eſchew?
Since I am faſt, knit to the maſt,
This torment to indure,
And have no might, by law nor right,
My Lady to procure:
What ſhal I ſay, ſince will gain-ſtands the law?
I have a will, yet will makes me ſtand aw.

Where ſhal I go to hide my weary face?
Where ſhal I find a place for my defence?
Where is my love, who is the meeteſt place
Of all the earth that is my confidence:
She hath my heart, till I depart,
Let her do what ſhe liſt;
I cannot mend, but ſtill depend,
And dayly to inſiſt.
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve;
If not for love, let love my body ſterve.

Come here, ye Gods, and judge my cauſe aright;
Hear my complaint before ye me condemn:
Take you before my Ladie moſt of might:
Let not the wolf devore the ſilly lamb.
If ſhe may ſay, both night or day,
That ever I did her wrong,
My mind ſhal be, with cruelty,
To ly in priſon ſtrong;
Then ſhal ye ſave a ſakeleſs man from pain,
Try well my cauſe, and then remove diſdain.

O Lady fair whom I do honor moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have:
Let not my love and labor thus be loſt;
But ſtill in mind, I pray you, to ingraff,
That I am true, and ſhal not rue
A word that I have ſaid:
I am your man, do what ye can,
When all theſe playes are play'd;
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

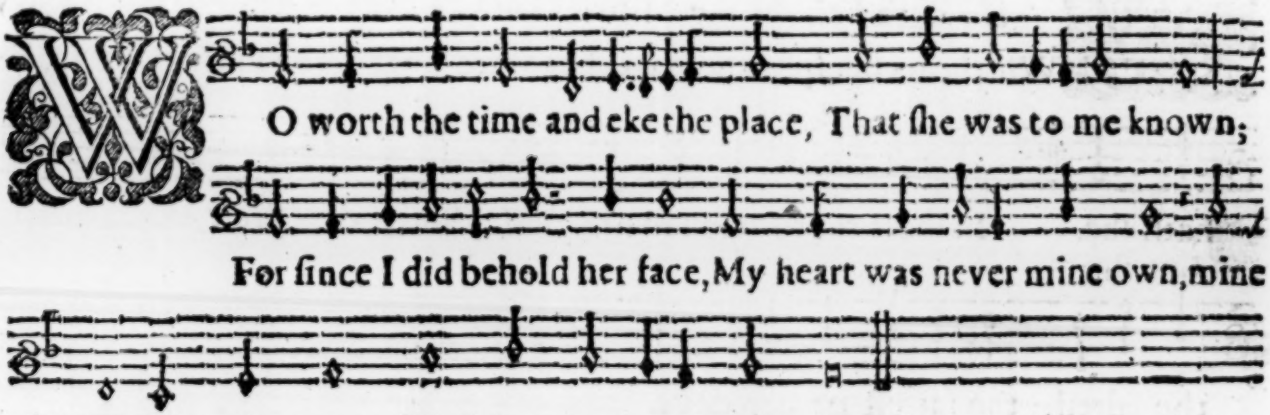
Then chooſe to keep or loſe that ye have done,
Your friendly friend doth make you this requeſt:
Let not friends come us Lovers two between,
Since late detaſtes caus'd you me to detaſte.

Keep

Keep hope in ſtore, you to deplore,
Conquer your friend indeed:
Remember ay, will come the day,
When friends a friend will need:
You have a friend ſo friendlie and ſo true,
Keep well your friend: *I* ſay no more, Adue.

F I N I S.

THE *XXIX.* SONG.



Sometime *I* liv'd at libertie,
But now *I* do not ſo:
She hath my heart ſo faithfullie,
That *I* can love no mo, no mo jo, no
That *I* can love no mo. (mo,

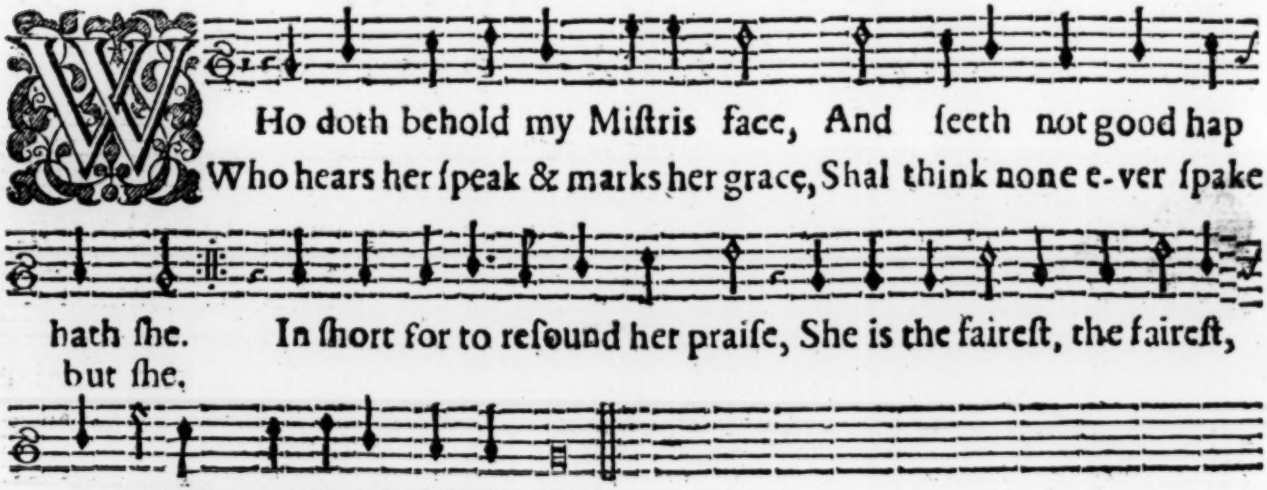
To be refus'd of love, alace!
All earthly things, adue.
My Miſtris ſhe is mercileſs,
And will not on me rue, me rue jo, me
And will not on me rue. (rue,

Now am *I* left all comfortleſs,
And no remead can crave:
My pains they are remeadileſs,
And all the wite you have, you have jo
And all the wite you have. (you have

F I N I S.

THE

THE *XXX.* SONG.



Who knows her wit & not admires,
Shal think himſelf void of all skill:
Her vertues kindles ſtrong deſires,
In thoſe who think upon her ſtill.
In ſhort, for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

Her red is like unto the roſe,
When from a bud unto the Sun:
Her comely colors doth diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
In ſhort, for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

And with the red is mixt a white,
Like to the ſame of fair Moon-ſhine,
That doth upon the water light,
And makes the color ſeem divine.
In ſhort for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

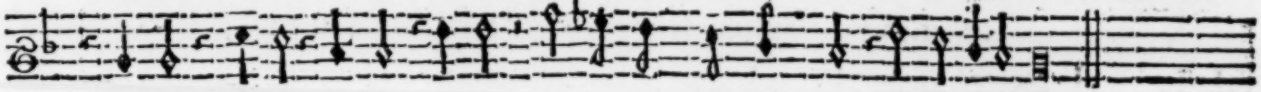
I N I S.

THE

THE *XXXI.* SONG.

THough your ſtrangeneſs frets my heart, Yet muſt I not complain:
You perſwade me it's but Art, Which ſecret love muſt fain.

If another you affect, It's but a toy to avoid ſuſpect; Is this fair excuſing?



O no, O no, O no, O no, O no no, no, no, no, all is abuſing.

When your wiſht ſight *I* deſire,
Suſpition ye pretend,
Cauſleſs ye your ſelf retire,
Whilſt *I* in vain attend:
Thus a Lover, as you ſay,
Still made more eager by delay,
I this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

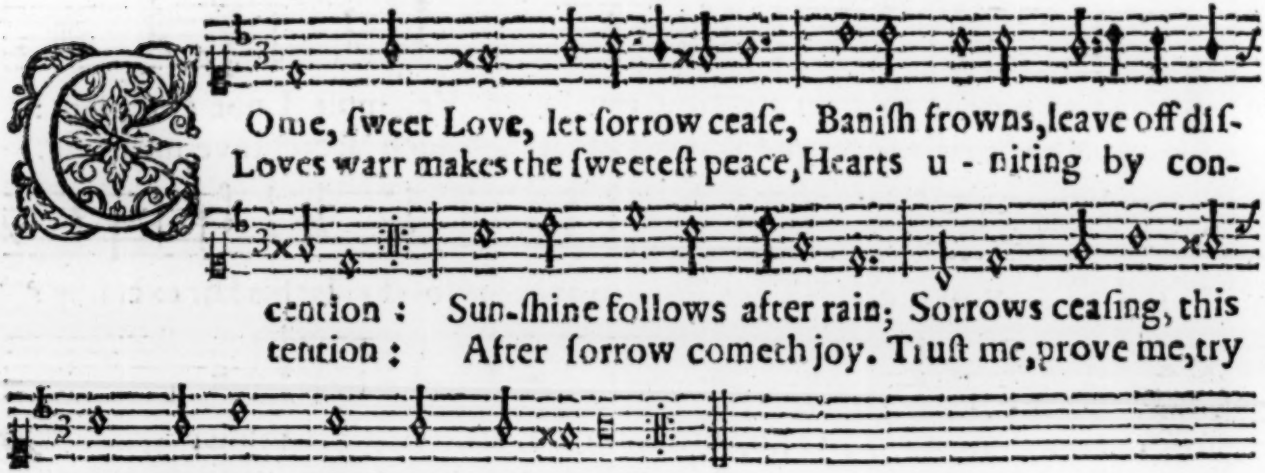
When another holds your hand,
You'l ſwear *I* hold your heart:
While my Rival cloſs doth ſtand,
And *I* ſit far apart,
I am nearer yet then they,
Hid in your boſom, as you ſay:
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

Would a Rival then *I* were,
Or elſe your ſecret friend;
So much leſs ſhould *I* you fear,
And not ſo much attend:
They enjoy you every one,
Yet muſt *I* ſeem your friend alone:
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

F I N I S.

THE

THE *XXXII.* SONG.



Come, ſweet Love, let ſorrow ceaſe, Baniſh frowns, leave off diſ-
Loves warr makes the ſweeteſt peace, Hearts u - niting by con-
cention: Sun-ſhine follows after rain; Sorrows ceaſing, this
tention: After ſorrow cometh joy. Truſt me, prove me, try
is pleaſing, All proves fair again.
me, love me, This will cure annoy.

Winter hides his froſtie face,
Bluſhing ever to be more moved:
Spring returns with pleaſant grace:
Flora's treaſures are renewed.
Lambs rejoice to ſee the Spring;
Leapping, skipping, ſporting, tripping:
Birds for joy do ſing.
Let your ſprings of joy renew:

Colling, clapping, kiſſing, bleſſing,
And give Love his due.

See this bright ſhine of thine eyes
Clouded now with dark diſdaining:
Shal ſuch ſtormy tempeſts riſe,
To ſet Loves fair day a raining?
Men are glad the ſky being clear,

Lightly

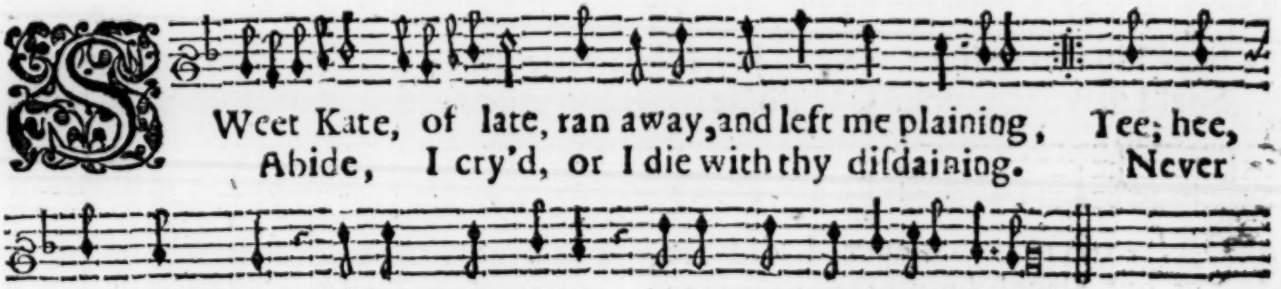
Lightly toying, ſporting, joying
With their lovely pier:
But are ſad to ſee the ſhour
Sadly dropping, louring, pouting,
Turning ſweet to ſour.

Then, ſweet Love, diſperſs this cloud,
Which procures this woful toying:

When each creature ſings aloud,
Killing hearts with over-joying:
Everie Dove doth ſeek her mate;
Jointlie billing, ſhe is willing,
Sweets of love to take.
With ſuch warrs let us contend,
Wooing, doing, wedding, bedding,
This our ſtrife ſhal end.

FINIS

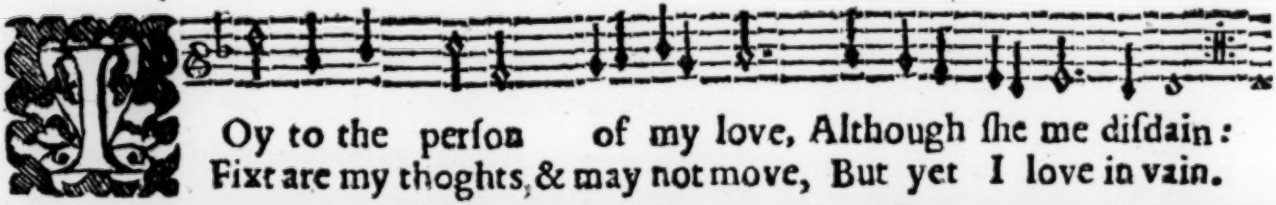
THE XXXIII. SONG.



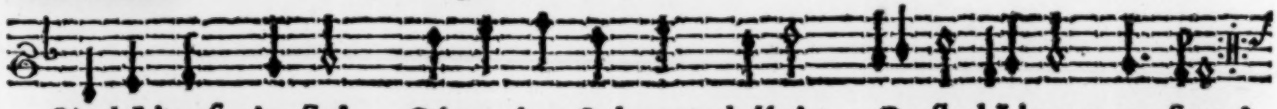
Unkind, I find, thy delights are in tormenting,
Abide, I cry'd, or *I* die with thy diſdaining.
Tee, hee, hee, quoth ſhe, make no fool of me;
Men, *I* know, will have oaths at pleaſure:
But their hopes at end, they bewray their fain'd,
And their oaths are kept at leaſure.

Her words, like ſwords, cut my ſory heart aſunder.
Her flouts, with doubts, keep my heart affections under
Tee, hee, hee, quoth ſhe, what a fool is he
Stands in aw of once denying?
Cauſe I had enough, to become more rough,
So I did a happy trying.

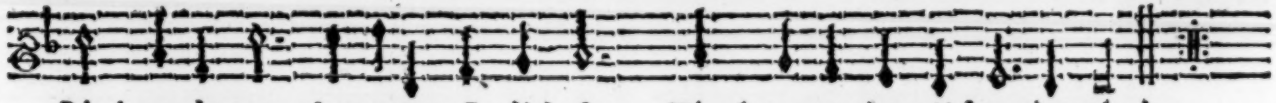
THE XXXIV. SONG.



Oy to the perſon of my love, Although ſhe me diſdain:
Fixt are my thoghts, & may not move, But yet I love in vain.



Shal I looſe the ſight, Of my joy & hearts delight? Or ſhal I leave my ſute?
Shal I ſtrive to touch? Oh! no, it were too much; She is the forbidden fruit.



Oh! wo is me, that ever I did ſee; The beauty that did me bewitch:
Yet out, alace! I muſt forgo that face, The treaſour I eſteem'd ſo much.

O! ſhal I range into ſome dale?
Or to the mountains mourn?
Sad echoes ſhal reſound my tale:
Or whether ſhal I turn?
Shal I buy that love,
No life to me will give,
But deeply wounds my heart?

If I flee away,
She will not to me ſay, ſtay,
My ſorrows to convert.
O no, no, no, ſhe will not once ſay ſo;
But comfortleſs I muſt be gone:
Yet though ſhe be ſo thrawart unto me,
I'le love her, or I ſhal love none.

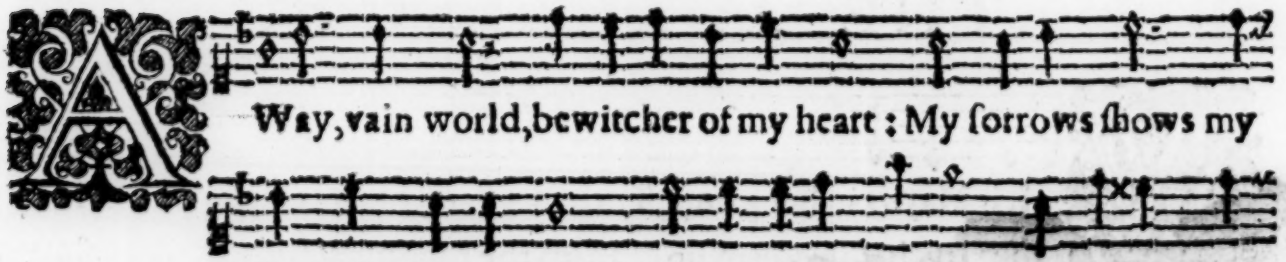
O! that

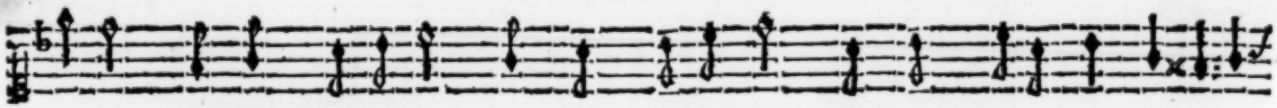
O! that I might but understand
The reasons of her hate,
To him would be at her command,
In love, in life, in state:
Then should *I* no more
In heart be griev'd so sore,
Nor sad with discontent.
But since that *I* have lov'd
A Maid that so hath prov'd
Unworthie, *I* do repent.
Something unkind hath setled in her mind,
That caused her to leave me so:
Sweet, seem to me but half so kind to be,
Or let me the occasion know.

Thousand fortuns fall to her share,
Though she rejected me,
And fill'd my heart full of dispair,
Yet shal *I* constant be.
For she is the Dame
My tongue shal ever name,
Fair branch of modestie,
Chaste of heart and mind.
Oh *I* were she half so kind,
Then would she pity me.
Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chaste,
And let me in thy bosom dwel;
So shal we gain the pleasure of loves pain:
Till then, my dearest Love, Farewell.

FINIS.

THE *XXXV.* SONG.





repair. He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray: He hath mercy ay, and loves

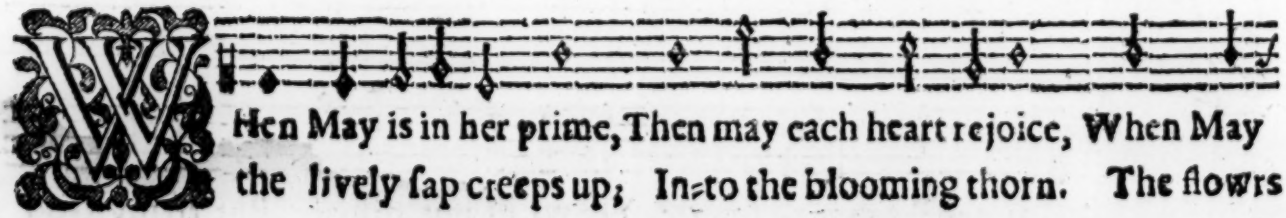
me, Though by his humbling hand he proves me.

Avvay, avvay, too long thou haſt me ſnar'd:
I vvill not ſpend more time: I am prepar'd.
Thy ſubtil ſlights ſo ſlie, they have deceived me:
Though they ſvveetly ſmile, ſliely they beguile:
Though they ſvveetly ſmile, forget them:
The ſimple ſilly ſoul rejects them.

Once more, avvay, though loath the vvorld to leave,
Biddeth of avvay vvith that helliſh ſlave.
Loath am I to forgo, that ſvveet alluring ſo.
Though thy vvays be vain, ſhal I thee retain?
Though thy vvays be vain, I quite thee:
Thy pleaſure ſhal no more delite me.

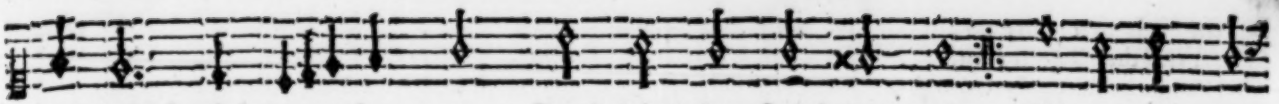
FINIS.

THE *XXXVI.* SONG.

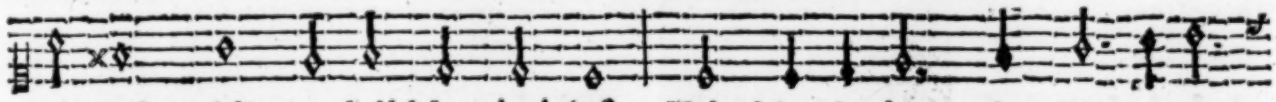


When May is in her prime, Then may each heart rejoice, When May
the lively ſap creeps up; Into the blooming thorn. The flowrs

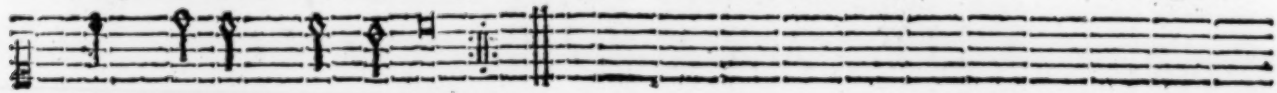
is



is busk'd with branches green, Each bird ſets forth her voice; All natures imps from cold is preſent kept, Doth laugh the froſt to ſcorn.



triumphs while joyfull May doth laſt. Take May in time, when May is gone,



The pleaſant time is paſt.

May makes the chearful hew,
May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb
May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender hearts,
Their warbling notes to tune,
Full ſtrange it is that ſome we ſee,
Do make their May in Iune.
Thoſe things are ſtrangely wrought,
While joyful May doth laſt,
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And uſe your May with skill:
Uſe May when that ye may,
For May hath but a time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.
Your liking and your luſt,
Is freſh while May doth laſt.
Take May in time, when May is gone
The pleaſant time is paſt.
Take May, &c.

The Second Part.

When time and ſpace is ſpent,
Then may each heart be fear'd:
Whē beyōd time the Judge ſhal come
In wrath, what ſtrength can bear't:
Then Judges all peverſe,
Shal ſigh that they were born,
When caſt in everlaſting fire,
Becauſe the truth they ſcorn
All Natures imps ſhal mourn,
When wealth and eaſe is paſt;
Take time in time, when time is gone
Eternity comes laſt.
Take time in time, when time is gone
Eternity comes laſt.

In time well ſpent, rejoice,
For that's the way to reſt;
Time is that point wherein the Lord
Hates evil, and loves the beſt.
Pray for a tender heart:
Bear here your grief and pain:

For

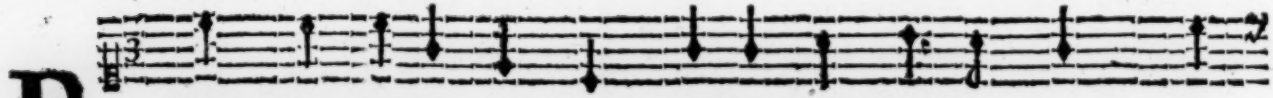
For time it is that many are,
Who ſpend their life in vain.
That things be ſtrangely wrought,
Before all time is paſt.
Though time be now, it ſhal not be,
Eternity comes laſt,
Though time, &c.

All ye that be in time,
And hath your time but ſhort,
Redeem your time, as God cõmands,
I humbly you exhort:
Uſe time while ye have time,
For time will have an end:
When all your life-time ſhal be ſpent,

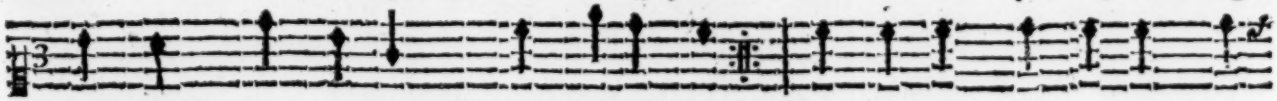
It is too late to mend.
Your liking and your luſt
Shal ceaſe when time is paſt:
Spend well your time, when time is gone,
Eternity comes laſt.
Spend well your time, when time is gone
Eternity comes laſt.

FINIS.

THE *XXXVII.* SONG.



BRave Mars begins to rouſe, and he doth bend his brows. Bo-
He that may looſe the field, yet let him ne-ver yeeld, Though



reas burſts out in blows, great Eneas fire. When cannons are roaring, and thouſands ſhould be kill'd, let ſouldiers try it.

bullets are flying, He that would honor win, muſt not fear dying.

Though

Though *Conſtantin* be dead,
who left us honor,
And taught brave Chriſtian Kings
under his banner.
Pagans amazed ſtood,
in a great wonder,
To ſee brave Chriſtians come,
like claps of thunder.
When Canons, &c.

Rais'd are the Worthies nyne,
and now aſcending;
Ev'n by a power divyne,
now peace is ending:
So many Chriſtian Kings
with them to enter,
Againſt their fierceſt foes:
that's brave adventure.
When Canons, &c.

Souldiers with ſwords in hands,
to the walls coming,
Horſe-men about the ſtreets,
ryding and running:
Sentinells on the walls,
arme, arme, a crying,
Pittards againſt the ports,
wyld fire a flying.
When Canons, &c.

Trumpets on turrets hye,
theſe are a ſounding,
Drums beating out aloud,
echoes reſounding:
Alarm-bells in each place,
they are a ringing,
Women with ſtones in laps,
to the walls bringing.
When Canons, &c.

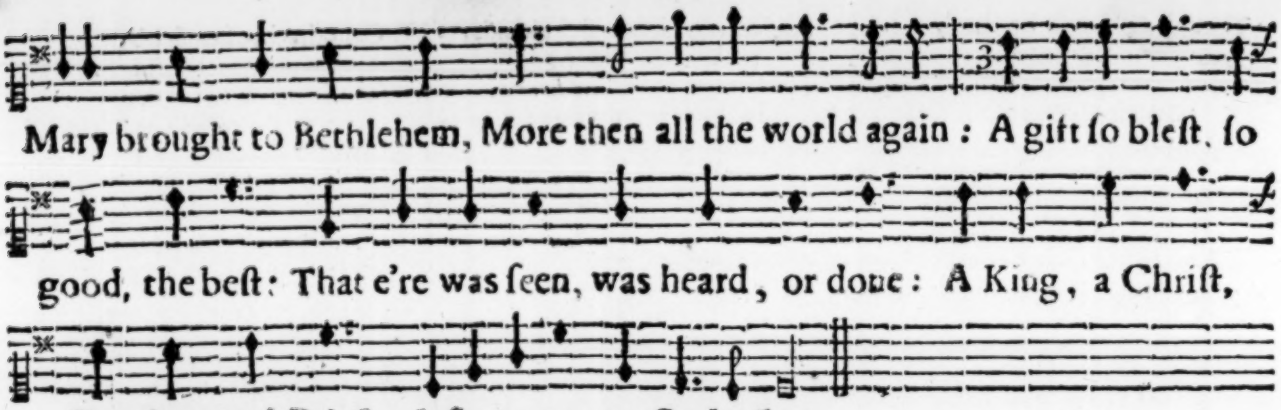
Captains in open fields,
on their foes ruſhing,
Gentlemen ſeconds them,
with their Picks puſhing,
Ingyniers in the trench
earth, earth uprearing,
Gun-powder in the mynes,
Pagans upblowing.
When Canons, &c.

Portculzies in the ports
they are down letting,
Burgers comes flocking by,
too their hands ſetting:
Ladders againſt the wall,
they are uprearing,
Women great timber bogs
to the walls bearing.
When Canons, &c.

F I N I S.

THE *XXX*VIII. SONG.

Urie came to Iebus-Salem; All the world was taxed then: Bleſſed Mary.



O, happy night! a day was never
Half ſo happy, ſweet and fair:
Singing ſouldiers, bleſſed ever,
Fill the skyes with ſweeteſt air.
Amaz'd men fear, they ſee, they hear,
Yet doubt, and ask, How that was done?
'Twas bid, Be bold; it is fore-told,
This night God hath himſelf a Son.

'Twas upon a Comets blazing,
Cuma to *Auguſtus* ſaid,
This fore-ſhows an act amazing,
Of a mother, ſtill a maid,
A Babe ſhal bear, which all muſt fear,
And ſuddenly it muſt be done.
Yea, Ceſar thou, to him muſt bow;
Hee's Jeſus, God, a Man, a Son.

Subtil *Herod* ſought to find him,
With a purpoſe black as hell:
But a greater power combyn'd him,
And his purpoſe did repell.
Who ſhould betray, do all obey,
As fitting was it ſhould be done.
They all adore, and kneel before
This Jeſus, God, a Man, a Son.

There appear'd a golden Uſher,
Kings attending on the train:
The bright Sun could not out-bluſh her;
Such a ſtar ne're ſhone again.
Behold it ſtays, ſeeming it ſays,
Go in and ſee what there is done:
A Babe, whoſe birth leagues heaven and earth:
Jeſus to us, to God a Son.

Was not this a bleſſed wonder,
God was man, and Man was God:
Fooliſh Jews miſtook the thunder
Should proclaim their King abroad.
Angels they ſing, Behold the King,
In Bethlehem where this was done.
Then we as they, rejoice and ſay,
We have a Saviour, God a Son.

The Second Part.

TUrn your eyes that are affixed
On this worlds deceiving things,
And with joy and ſorrow mixed,
Look upon the King of Kings;
Who left his Thron, with joys unknown,
Took fleſh like ours, like us drew breath:
For us to die, here fix your eye,
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,
While his ſad Diſciples ſleept:
See him in the garden ſweating
Drops of blood, and how he wept.
As man he was, he wept, alace!
And trembling fear'd to looſe his breath;
Yet to heav'ns will, he yeelded ſtill:
Then think upon his precious death.

See him by the ſouldiers taken,
When with Ave, and a kiſs,
He that heav'n had quite forſaken,
Had betray'd him, and with this.
Beheld him bound, and guarded round,
To Caiphas brought to looſe his breath:
There ſee the Jews, heav'ns King abuſe,
And think upon his precious death.

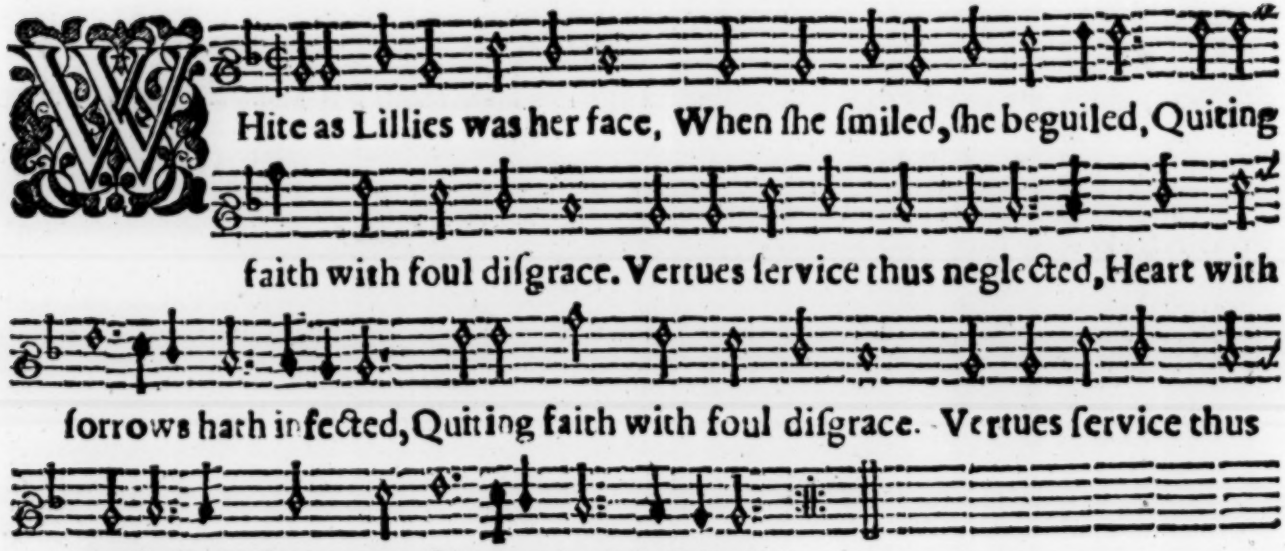
See him in the hands of Pilate,
Like a baſe offender ſtript,
See the moan and tears they ſmile at,
While they ſee our Saviour whipt.
Behold him bleed, his purple weed,
Record while ye have life and breath:
His taunts and ſcorns, his crown of thorns:
O! think upon his precious death.

See him in the hour of parting,
Hanging on the bloody Croſs.
See his wounds, conceive his ſmarting,
And our gain, by his lifs loſs.
On either ſide, a fellow dy'd,
The one derides him, leaving breath;
The other prays, and humbly ſays,
Lord, ſave me by thy precious death.

See as in thoſe pangs he thriſted,
And that to cool him he did call:
How theſe Jews, like Judas curſed,
Bring him vinegar and gall.
His Spirit then, to heav'n again,
Commending with his lateſt breath:
The world he leaves, which men deceives.
Lord, keep us by thy precious death.

FINIS.

THE *XXXIX.* SONG.



When I swore my heart her own,
She disdained, I complained,
Yet she left me overthrown;
Careless of my bitter groaning,
Ruthless bent to no relieving.

Vows and oaths, and faith assured,
Constant ever, changing never,
Yet she could not be procured,
To believe my pains exceeding,
From her skant neglect proceeding.

O! that Love should have the Arts
By surmises, and disguises,
To destroy a faithful heart;
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their friends as foemen.

All

All in vain is Ladies love,
Quickly chooſed, ſhortly looſed;
For their pride is to remove.
Out, alace! their looks firſt vvins us,
And their pride hath ſtraight undone (us.
To thy ſelf, the ſvveeteſt fair,
Thou haſt wounded, and confounded

Changeleſs faith vvith foul diſpair,
And my ſervice hath envied,
And my ſuccours hath denied.

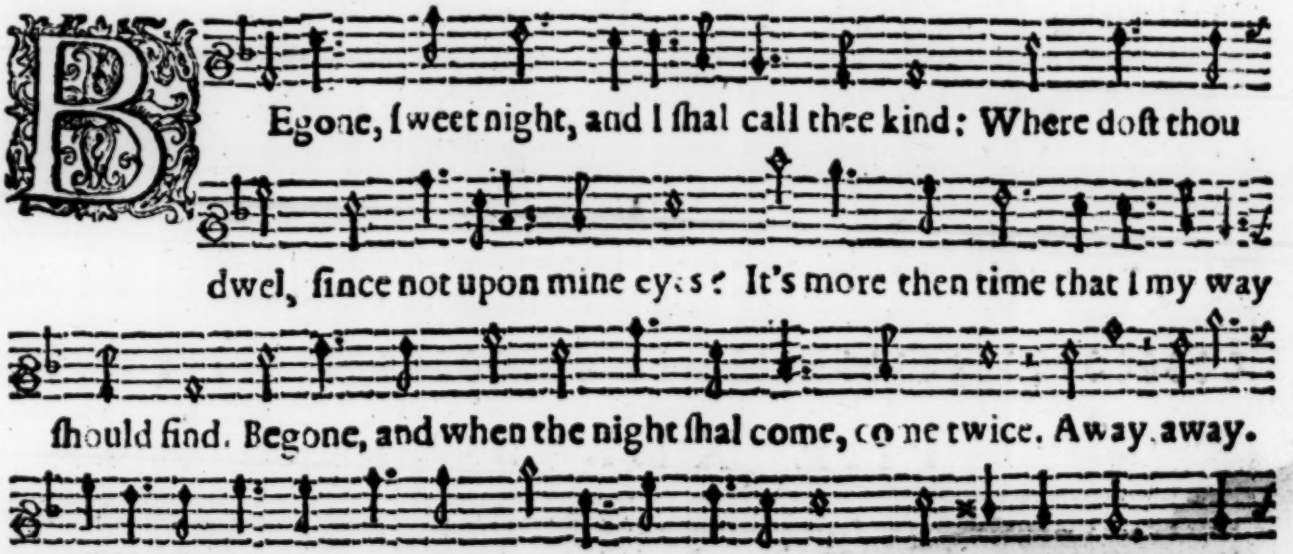
By thine error thou haſt loſt
Heart unfained, truth unſtained,
And the Svvain that loved moſt:
More aſſured in love then they,

More deſpiſed in love then any.

For my heart, though ſet at nought,
Since you vvill it ſpoil, and kill it,
I vvill never change my thought:
But grieve that Beauty e're vvas born,
To baniſh love vvith frovvard ſcorn.

FINIS.

THE XL. SONG.



art too nigh of kin, To come or go, as thy desires have been.

Arise, bright Day, it's time to claim thy right;
Disperse the clouds, and with thy golden beams,
Both comfort me, and strick the churlish Night,
That would not go and yeeld me pleasant dreams.
Arise, arise.
And with thy rosie fingers point me where she lyes:
Teach me but once, and put me in her sight,
That I may know who gives the greatest light.

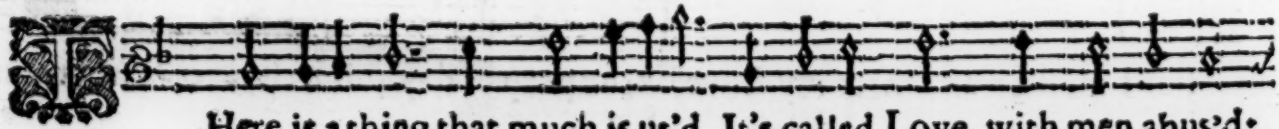
Stay, gentle Night, lest thou prove more unkind,
To leave us languish, who enjoys our love:
Go not away, but let us here confin'd,
Nor part us from these pleasures which we prove.
But stay, oh! stay:
For I must go, and love my Love, if you peep Day:
And if you do, you turn so soon again,
That our desires may feel no worlds disdain.

Let never rising Day bereave thee of thy right,
Who can betray thee with his golden beams.
Let us enjoy thee still, sweet gentle Night,
That we may surfit in those pleasant dreams.
Advise, advise:
And never let the light of Day shine where she lyes:
But if thou dost, or let me in her sight,
There is no doubt, she gives the greater light.

And if thou wilt to Day resign thy due,
And so divorce me from my sweetest Dear,
In secret silence shal my heart so rue,
Wishing the Day were done, if you were there;
That she, that she,
And I, may spend the silent Night where we would be;
Where pratling Day dare never more appear,
Nor yet present to wrong my dearest Dear.

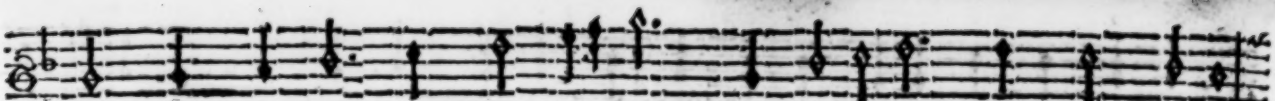
FINIS.

THE XLI. SONG.

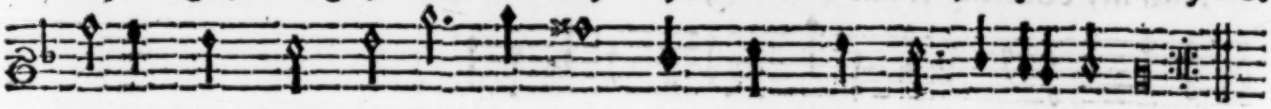


Here is a thing that much is us'd, It's called Love, with men abus'd:

They



They wrigh, and ſigh, and ſwear they die; When all is done, they know they lie.



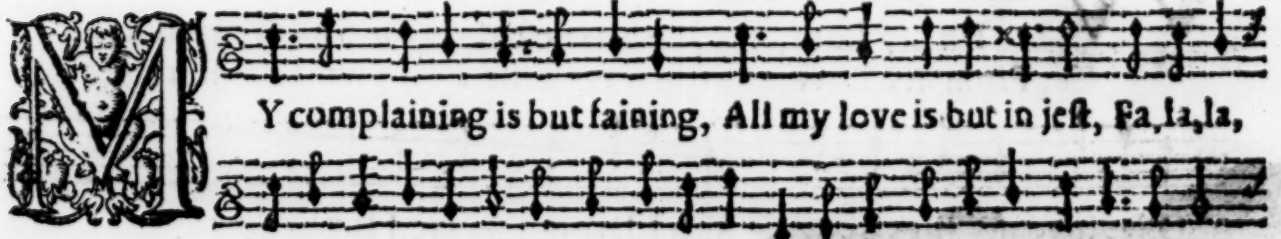
But let them ſwear by faith and truth, I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

They firſt muſt have a Miſtris fair,
And then her favor for to wear:
And ſo they go to flatteries ſchool,
And calls her wife, they know a fool:
But let them ſwear by faith and truth,
I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

It is a practiſe in this Age,
To lay their credit into gage,
By wit, by vowes, by neat attire,
To conqueſt that they moſt deſire.
But let them ſwear by faith and truth,
I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

FINIS.

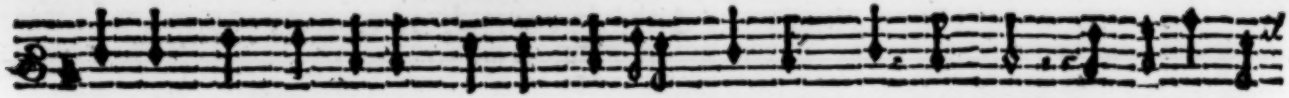
THE XLII. SONG.



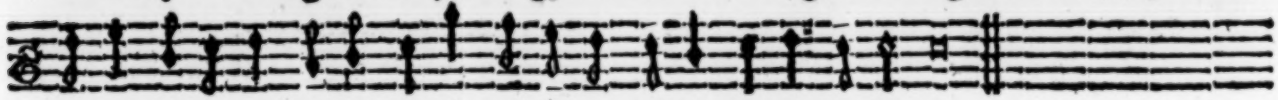
MY complaining is but fayning, All my love is but in jeſt, Fa, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

And



And my courting is but ſporting, In moſt ſhowing, meaning leaſt. La, la, la, la,



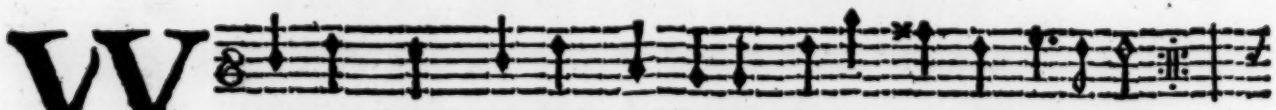
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Outward ſadneſs, inward gladneſs,
Repreſenting in my mind, Fa, la, la, &c.
In moſt faining, moſt obtaining,
Such good faith in love I find, Fa, la, la, &c.

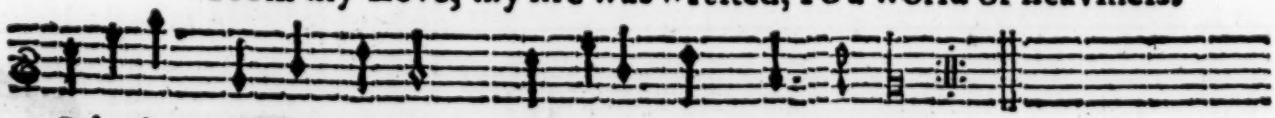
Towards Ladies this my trade is,
Two minds in one breaſt I wear, Fa, la, la, &c.
And my meaſure at my pleaſure,
Yce and flame my face doth bear, Fa, la, la, &c.

FINIS.

THE XLIII. SONG.



With my Love, my life was neſted; In the Sun of happineſs:
From my Love, my life was wreſted, To a world of heavineſs.



O let love my life remove; Sith I live not where I love.
O let love my life remove; Sith I live not where I love.

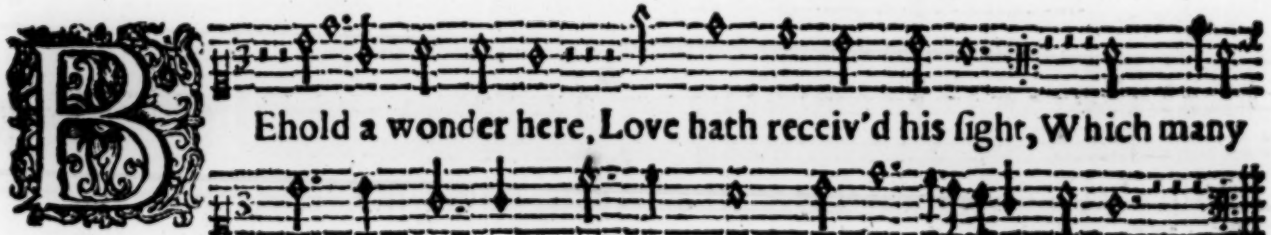
Where

Where the truth once was, and is not,
Shadows are but vanities.
Showing want, that help they cannot,
Are but slaves of miseries.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

O! true Love, since thou hast left me,
Mortal life is tedious:
Death it is to live without thee:
Death of all most odious.
Turn again, and take me with thee,
Let me die, or live you with me.

FINIS.

THE XLIV. SONG.



Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
From them that laugh the while;
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

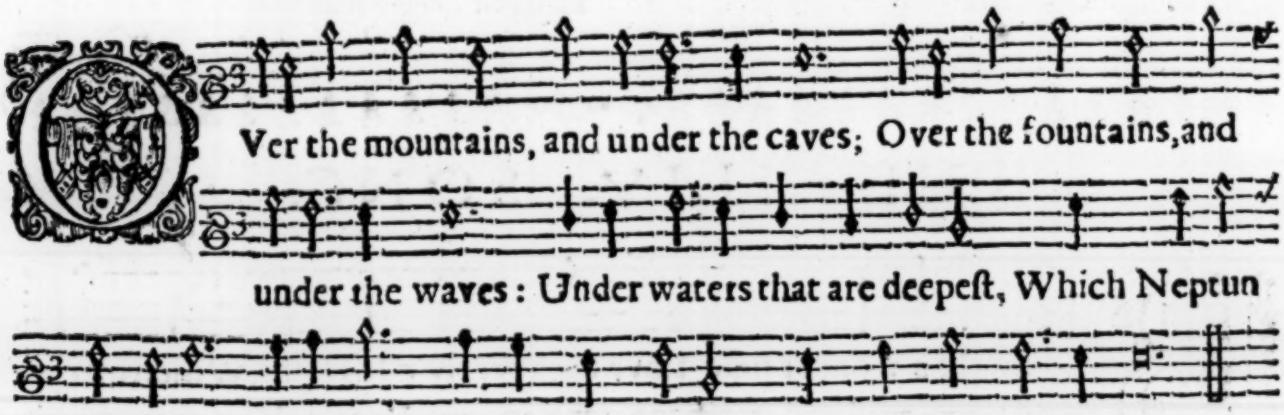
So powerful is the Beautie,
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turn'd to dutie,
That's neither blind nor bold.

This Beautie shows her might
To be of double kind,
In giving Love his sight,
And striking Folly blind.

FINIS.

THE

THE XLV. SONG.



OVer the mountains, and under the caves; Over the fountains, and under the waves: Under waters that are deepeſt, Which Neptun ſtill obey: Over rocks that are the ſteepeſt, Love will find out his way.

Some may eſteem him a childe by his force,
Or ſome they may deem him a coward, that's worſe:
But if ſhe whom he doth honor,
Be conſenting to play,
Set twenty guards about her,
Love will find out his way.

Many do looſe him by proving unkind;
Or ſome may ſuppoſe him, poor heart, to be blind
But if ne're ſo cloſs ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may:
Blind Love, if ye do call him,
He will grope out his way.

Well may the Eagle ſtoup down the firſt,
Or nets to inveagle the Phenix of the Eaſt:
With tears ye may move the Tyger
To give over his prey;
But never ſtop a Lover:
Love will find out his way.

If th'earth doth part them, hee'l ſoon courſe it o're;

If

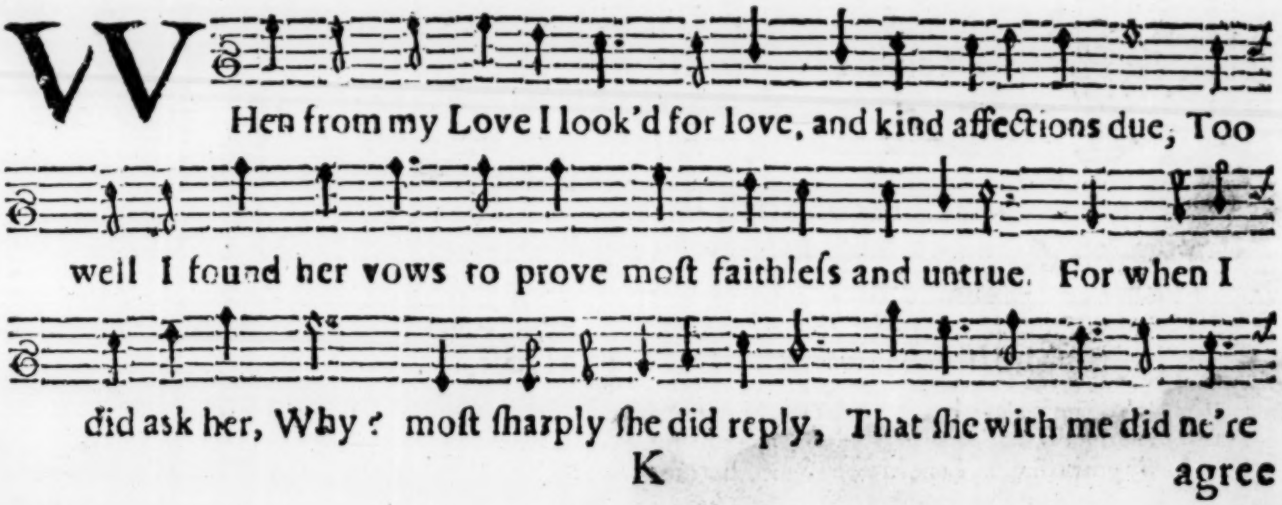
If seas do thwart them, hee'l swim to the shore:
If his Love become a swallow,
In the air for to stay,
Love will find wings to follow,
And swift flee out his way.

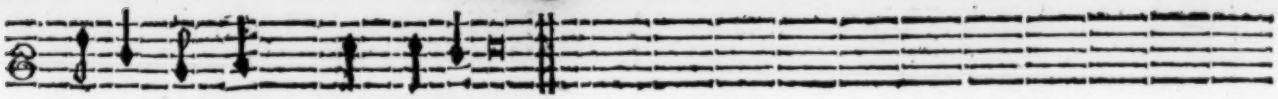
Where is no place for the glow-worm to ly,
Where is no trace for the seat of a flee,
Where the gnat dare never venture,
Left her self fast she lay:
But if Love come hee'l enter,
And will find out his way.

There is no striving to cross his intent;
There is no contriving his plots to prevent;
For if once the message greet him,
That his true Love doth stay,
Though Demons come and meet him,
He will go on his way.

FINIS.

THE XLVI. SONG.





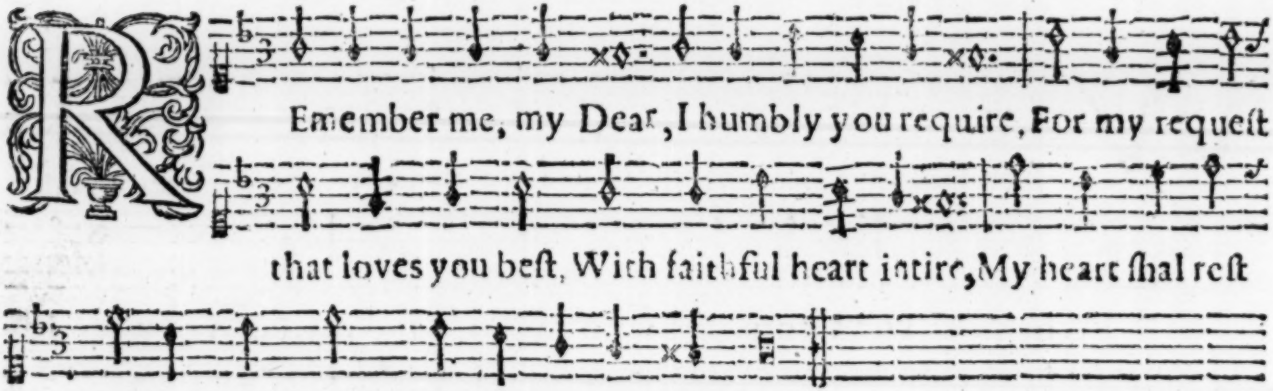
agree to love, but jeſtingly.

Mark but the ſubtil policies
that female lovers find,
Who loves to fix their conſtancies,

like feathers in the vvind.
Although they ſvvear and do proteſt
they love you chiefly beſt,

Yet by and by, they'l all deny,
and ſay, *It vvas but jeſt.*
E I N I S.

THE XLVII. SONG.



Remember me, my Dear, I humbly you require, For my requeſt
that loves you beſt, With faithful heart intire, My heart ſhal reſt
within your breaſt, Remember me, my Dear.

Remember me, alace!
And let all rigor paſs,
That I may prove in you ſome love,

To my joy and ſolace.
True love to move, I muſt behove;
Remember me, alace!

Remember me in pain,
With unkindneſs now ſtain:
That through delay of cruel vvay,

That

That in you doth remain,
Remit, I say, alace! away:
Remember me in pain.

Remember on me, dear Heart;
That of pains hath my part:

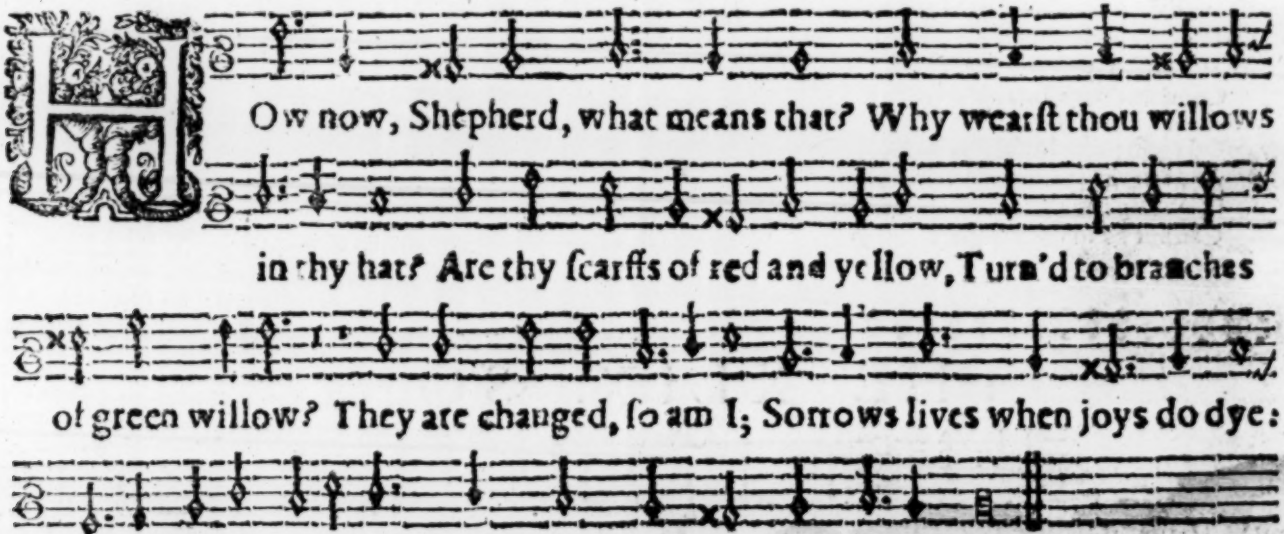
Yor words unkind, sinks in my mind
And doth increase my smart:
Yet shal ye find me true and kind,
Remember on me, dear Heart.

Remember on me in thral,

Ready when I do call:
With true intent, I do consent,
Heart, mind, body, and all:
Never to repent, but to consent:
Remember on me in thral.

FINIS.

THE XLVIII. SONG.



Is't

Is't the Lass that lov'd thee long?
Is it she that doth thee wrong?
She who lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love now turn'd to jest?
She who lov'd me long and best,
Bids me set my mind at rest:
She loves a new Love, loves not me,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Come now, Shepherd, let us join,
Since thy Love is like to mine;
For even she I thought most true,
Hath also chang'd me for a new.
Herds-man, if thy hap be so,
Thou art partner of my wo;
Thy ill hap doth mine appease,
Company doth sorrow ease.

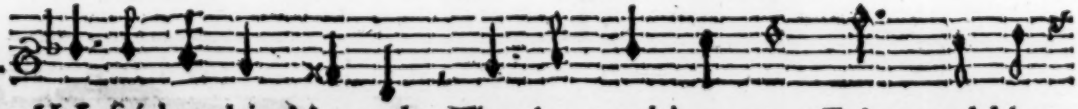
Is it she who lov'd thee now,
And swore her oath with solemn vow?
Faith and truth so truely plight,
Cannot be so soon neglect.
Faith and truth, vows and oaths,
Are forgot and broken both:
Cruel Phylis false to me,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Courage man, and do not mourn
For he who holds thy love in scorn:
Respect not them who loves not thee,
But cast away the willow tree.
For thee shal I live in pain;
Phylis once was true Love mine,
Which shal ne're forgotten be,
Although I wear the willow tree.

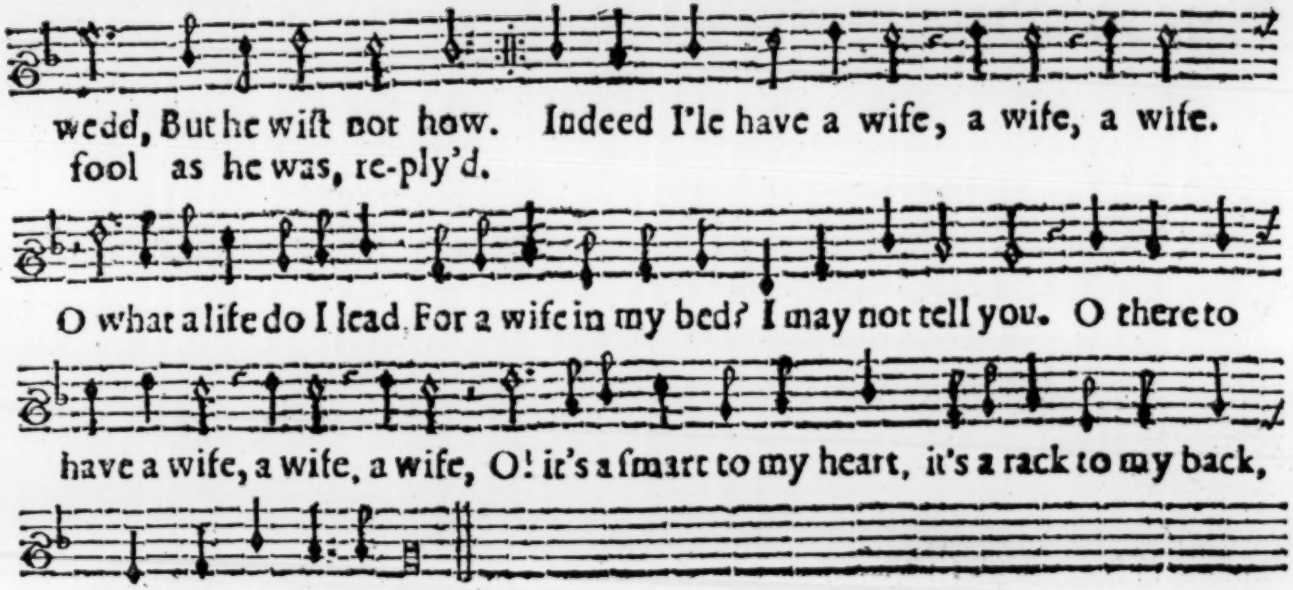
Shepherd, be thou rul'd by me,
Cast away the willow tree;
For thy sorrow's her content,
And she is pleas'd if thou lament.
Herds man, I'le be rul'd by thee,
Here lyes grief and willow tree:
Henceforth I will be as they,
That loves a new Love every day.

FINIS.

THE XLIX. SONG.



WILL said to his Mammie, That he would go woo: Fain would he
Soft a while, my Lammie, Stay and yet a-bide. He like a
weed



Scarcely vvas he vvedded
Full a fourt-nights ſpace,
For that he was in a heavy caſe;
Largely vvas he headed,
And his cheeks look'd thin:
And to repent he did thus begin;
A fig for ſuch a wife, a wife, a vvife:
O! vvhat a life do I lead,
With a vvife in my bed:
I may not tell you.

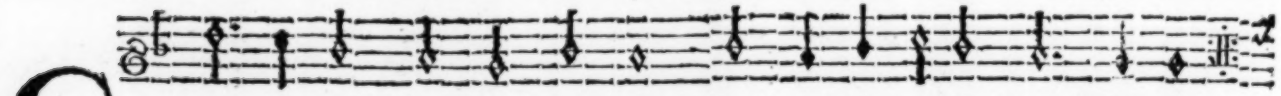
O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife
O! it's a ſmart to my heart;
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

All you that be Batchelors,
Be learn'd by crying VVill:
When ye are vvell, to remain ſo ſtill.
Better for to tarry,
And alone to ly,
Then like a fool vvith a fool to cry,
A fig for ſuch a wife, a wife, a wife:
O! vvhat a life do I lead,
With a vvife in my bed?
I may not tell you.
O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife
It's a ſmart to my heart,
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

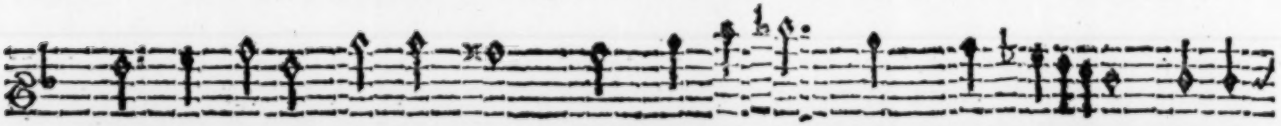
FINIS.

THE

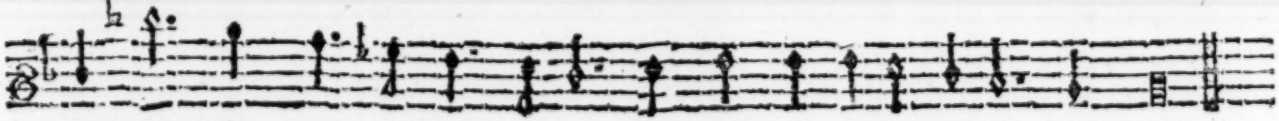
THE L. SONG.



CAre, away, go thou from me; For I am not fit match for thee
Thou bereaves me of my wits: Wherefore I hate thy frantick fits.



Therefore I will care no more, Since that in cares comes no reſtore: But I



will ſing, Hey down a down, a die, And caſt care away, away, from me.

If I want, I care to get:
The more I have, it doth me fret:
Have I much, I care for more:
The more I have, I think I'm poor:
Thus doth grief my mind oppreſs,
In wealth or wo, finds no redreſs.
Therefore I'le care no more, no more in vain,
For care hath coſt me miekle grief and pain.

Is not this world a ſlippry ball?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fall.
Doth not the ſea both eb and flow?
And hath not Fortune a painted ſhow?
Why ſhould men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?
There's none ſo wiſe but may be o'rethrown,
The careleſs may reap what the careful hath ſown.

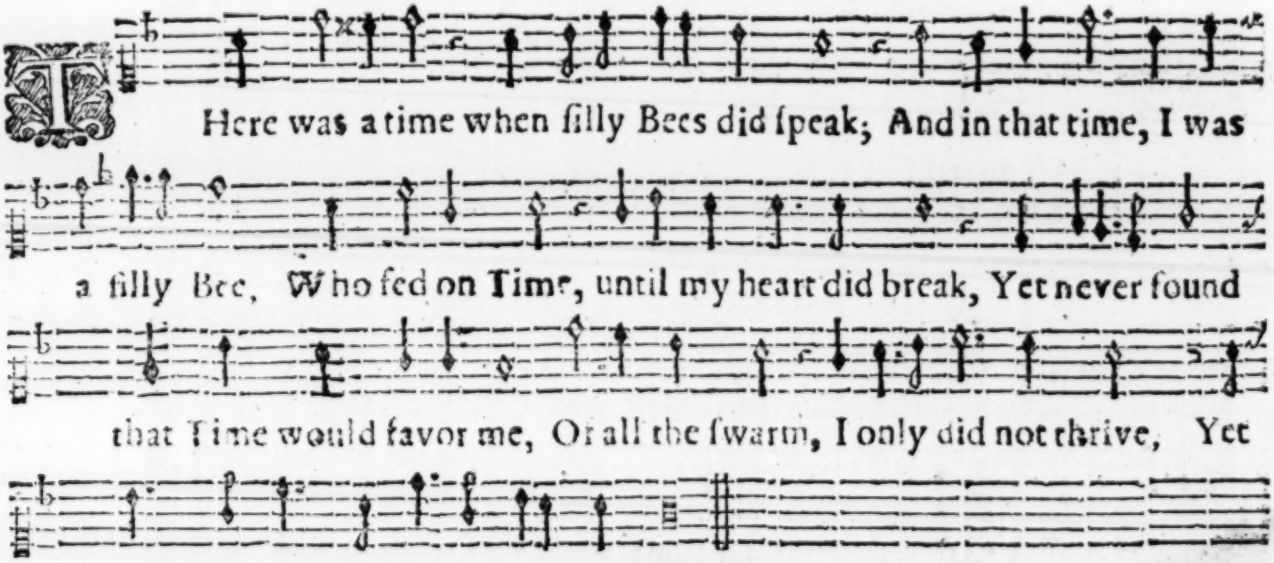
Well

Well then, learn to know thy ſelf.
And care not for this worldy pelf:
Whether thine eſtate be great or ſmal,
Give thanks to God, what e're befal;

So ſhalt thou then live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhal thee diſpleaſe:
Then mayſt thou ſing, Hey down, a down, a die,
When thou haſt caſt all care and grief from thee.

FINIS.

THE LI. SONG.



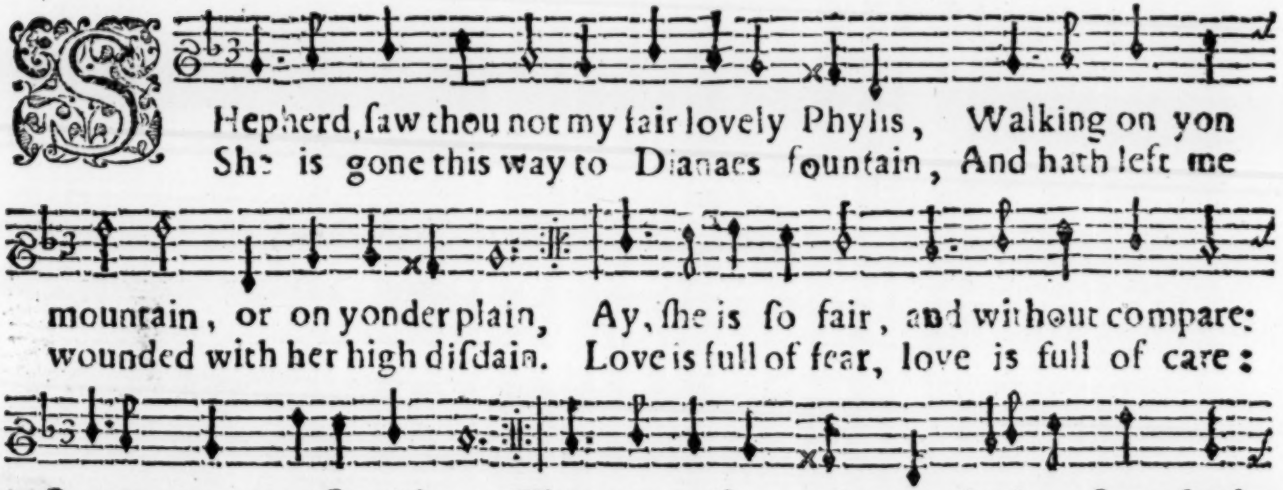
Thus

Thus ſtill I biſs'd yet Time no ſup would give:
Why ſhould this bleſſed Time, to me be dry,
Since by the ſame the laiſie dron doth live,
The waſp, the worm, the gnat, the butter-flie?
Matted with grief, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complained to the King of Bees.

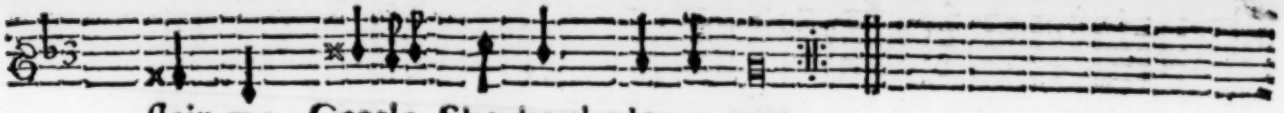
My Liedge, God grant thy Time may never end.
And now vouchſafe to hear my plaint of Time:
The fruitleſs flies are found to have a friend,
Yet I caſt off, while atomies do climb.
The Prince reply'd, and ſaid, Peace, pieviſh Bee,
Thou'rt made to ſerve the Time, the Time not thee.

FINIS.

THE LII. SONG.



ſlain



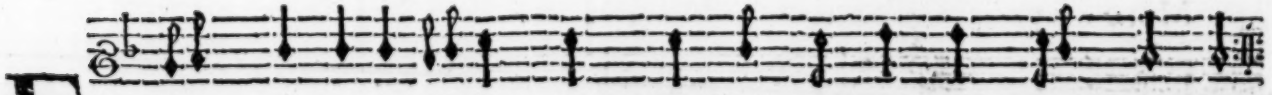
ſlain me, Gentle Shepherd play a part.
other, That can eaſe me of my ſmart.

Shepherd, I have ſeen thy fair lovely Phylis,
Where her flocks are feeding by the river ſide:
Ah! I much admire, ſhe is fair exceeding,
In ſurpaſſing beauty, ſnould ſurpaſs in pride:
But, alace! I find they are all unkind:
Beauty knows her power too well:
When they liſt they love, when they pleaſe they move;
Thus they turn their heaven to hell:
Where their fair eyes glancing,
Like to Cupids dancing,
Rules well for to deceive us,
With vain hopes deluding,
Still their praiſe concluding,
Thus they love, thus they leave us.

Thus I do diſpair, love her I ſhal never,
If ſhe be ſo coy, loſt is all my love:
But ſhe is ſo fair, I will love her ever.
All my pain is joy, which for her I prove.
If I ſhould her love, and ſhe ſhould deny,
Heavy heart with me would break:
Though againſt my will, tongue thou muſt be ſtill,
For ſhe will not hear thee ſpeak:
Then with kiſſes move her,
They ſhal ſnow I love her:
Lovely Love, be thou my guide:
But I'le ſore complain me,
She will ſtill diſdain me;
Beauty is ſo full of pride.

FINIS.

THE LIII. SONG.



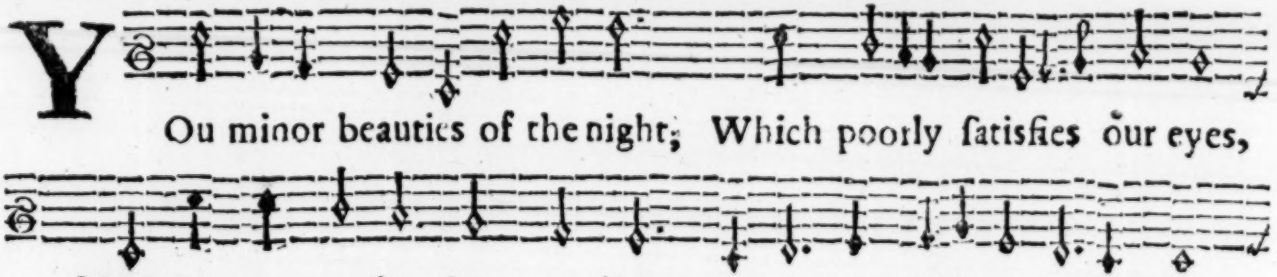
FAin would I wed a fair young Maid, that day and night could pleaſe me,
When my mind or bodie's griev'd, that had the power to eaſe me.

Oft I have been wooed, and pray'd, yet never could be moved.
Many for a day or two, I have moſt dearly loved:
But this fooliſh mind of mine, ſtraight loathes the thing reſolved.
If to love be ſin in me, that ſin is ſoon abſolved.

Surely, I think, I ſhal at laſt flie to ſome holy Order;
When I am once ſetled there, I then can flie no farther:
Yet I would not die a Maid, becauſe I had a mother:
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth another.

FINIS.

THE LIV. SONG.



You

You wandring Chanters of the wood,
That fills mine ears with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood
In weaker accents, what's your praise?
What's your praise? what's your praise,
When Philomel her notes doth raise?

But, ah! pure light, pure voice, pure smel,
What are you when my Mistris shine?
Moon, Violet, and Philomel,
Adore her all, cause she's divine,
She's divine, she's divine,
The quintessence of women kind.

You Violets that first appear
Your pride in purple garments shown,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you, what are you?
What are you, when the roses bloom?

The Second Part.

YOu minor beauties of the night,
That shows your signs celestial;
More is your number then your light,
Although you were terrestrial;
What are you? what are you?
What are you when the Moon doth rise.

You erring stars, what do you mean
To rob bright Phebus of his shine?
Or to obscure his princely light,
Turning his day in darksom night?
Leave off in time, learn to be wise,
Leave off your foolish enterprise.

You mustur number as the sand,
And some clear light you do command:
But what are you when that your Queen
With borrowed light begins to shine?
What are you both when Phebus plays?
Upon the centure of his rays?

Should little streams command great seas?
Or little ants the stinging bees?
Should little birds with eagles soar?
Or little beasts with lyons roar?
No, no, not so, it is not meet,
The head should stoup down to the feet.

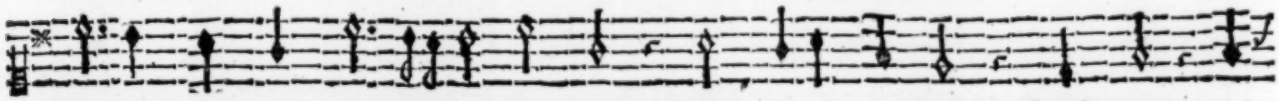
FINIS.

THE LV. SONG.

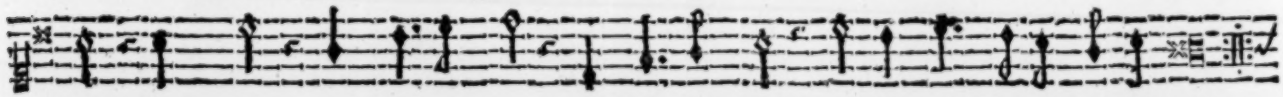
FLow my tears, fall from your springs; Exil'd for ever let me,
Down vain lights, shine you no more. No nights are dark enough for

mourn

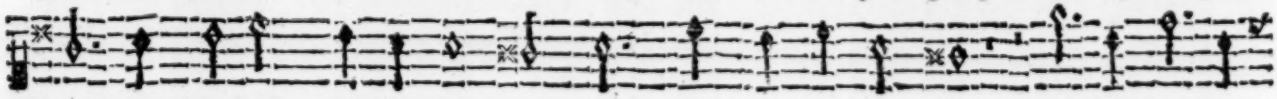
mourn, Where nights black bird her ſad infamy ſings; There let me live forlorn.
thoſe That in diſ-pair their laſt fortuns deplore. Light doth but ſhame diſcloſe.



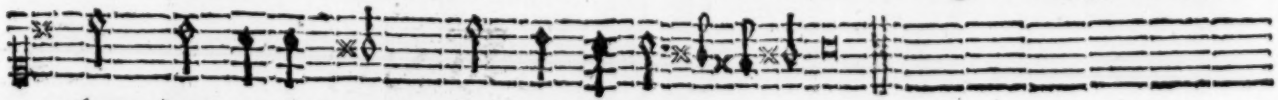
Never may my woes be re-lie-ved, ſince pitty is fled; And tears, and
From the higheſt Sphear of contentment, my fortune is thrown; And fear, and



ſighs and groans, my weary days, my weary days, of all joys have deprived:
grief and pain, for my deſerts, for my deſerts, are my hopes, ſince hope is gone



Heark you ſhadows that in darkneſs dwel, learn to contemn light. Happy, happy



they that are in heaven, feel not the worlds deſpight.

FINIS.

Severall

Severall of the Choiſeſt

ITALIAN SONGS

COMPOSED BY

GIOVANNI GIACOMO CASTOLDI DA CARRAVAGGIO.

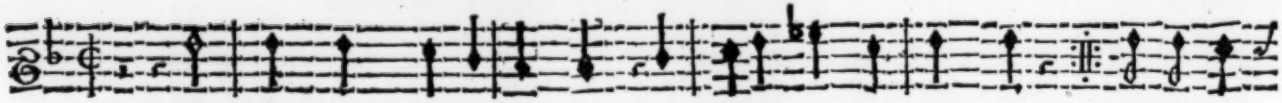
Together alſo, with ſome of the Beſt

new English-Ayres.

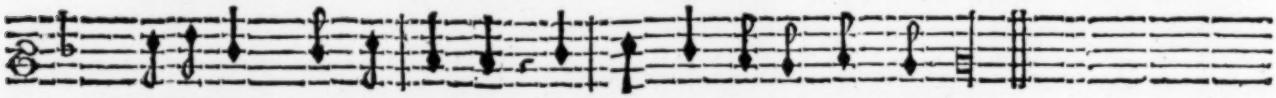
Collected from their chiefeſt Authors,

All in Three Parts,

Viz. Two *TREBLES* and a *BASS.*

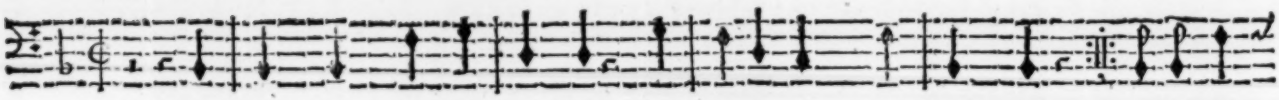


SHe that loves me for my ſelf, For affection, not baſe pelf, Onely ſhe,

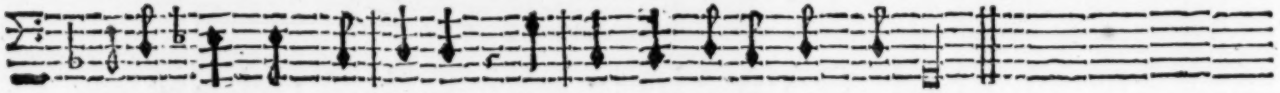


onely ſhe; yea onely ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



SHe that loves me for my ſelf, For affection, not baſe pelf, Onely ſhe,



onely ſhe, yea onely ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

She

SHe that loves me for my ſelf, For affection not baſe pelf, Onely ſhe,

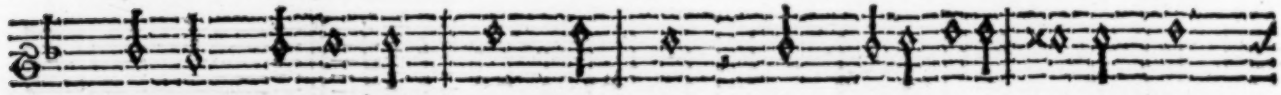
onely ſhe, yea onely ſhe, deſerves to be belov'd of me.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

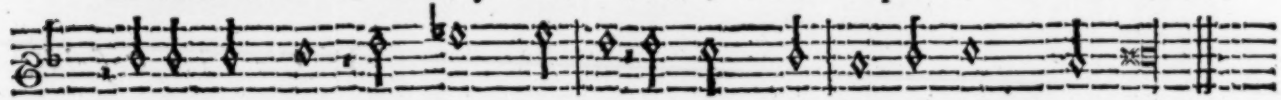
She that loves me with reſolve,
Ne're to alter, till diſſolve,
Onely She, onely She, yea onely She,
Deſerves to be belov'd of me.

Were

VVErt thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of Art,

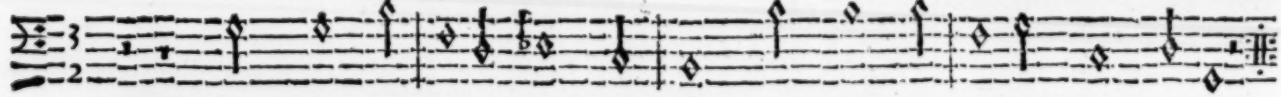


Or hadſt thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever ſhot at hearts;



Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not caſt a thought on thee.

BASSVS. Di *Gio. Gioc. Caſtoldi.*



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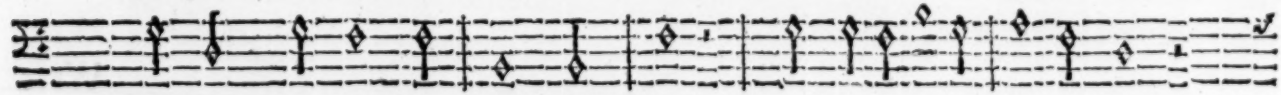
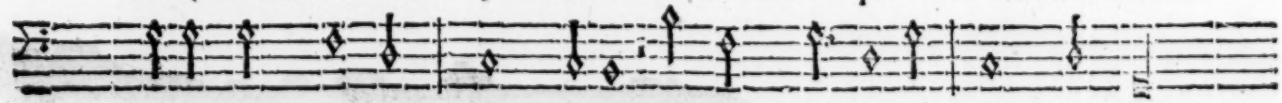
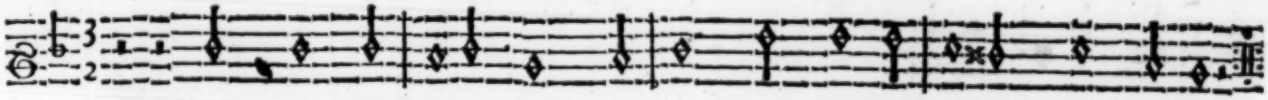


Or hadſt thou in thine eyes more darts. Then *Cupid* ever ſhot at hearts.



Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not caſt a thought on thee.

Wert



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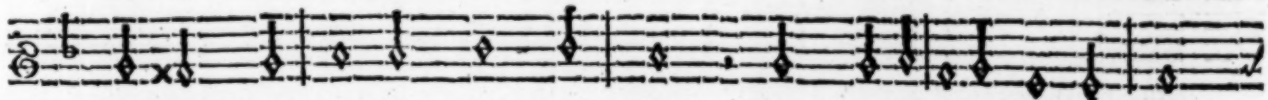
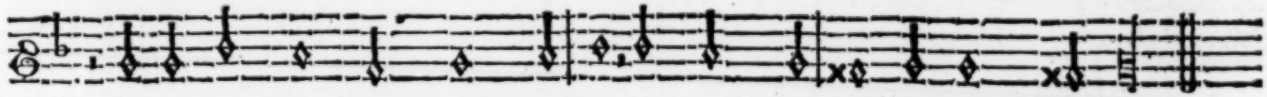


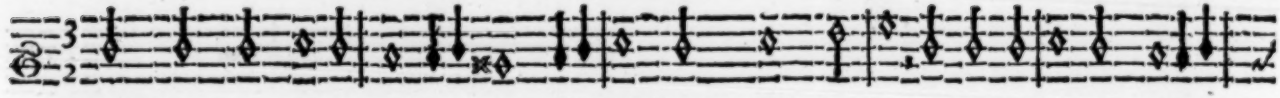
Or hadſt thou in thine eyes more darts, Then *Cupid* ever ſhot at hearts,



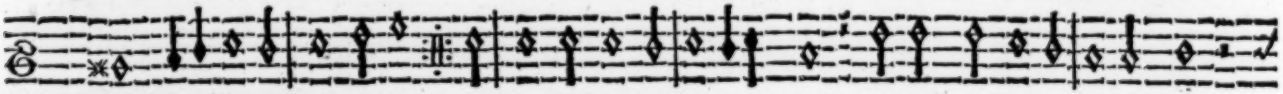
Yet if they were not thrown at me, I would not caſt a thought on thee.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

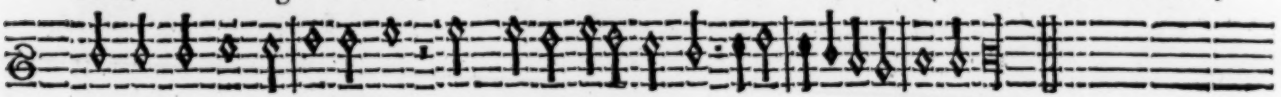
I'd rather marry a diſeaſe
Then court a thing I cannot pleaſe,
She that would cheriſh my deſires,
Muſt court my flames with equal fires,
Would you know what that will be,
I'le then love you when you love me.



BRing back my comfort and re--turn, For well thou knoweſt that I in ſuch a vig'rous paſſion

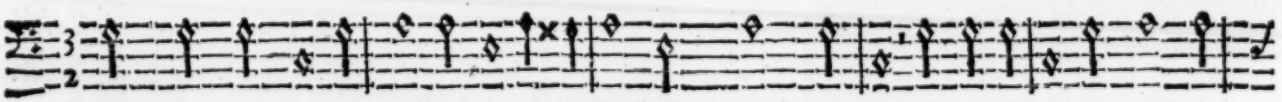


burn, That miſſing thee I die, Return, return, inſult no more, Return, return, inſult no more,



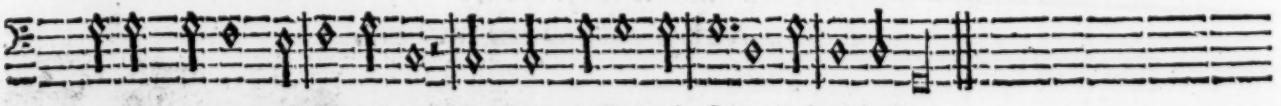
Return, return and me reſtore, To thoſe ſequeſtred joys I had before.

BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



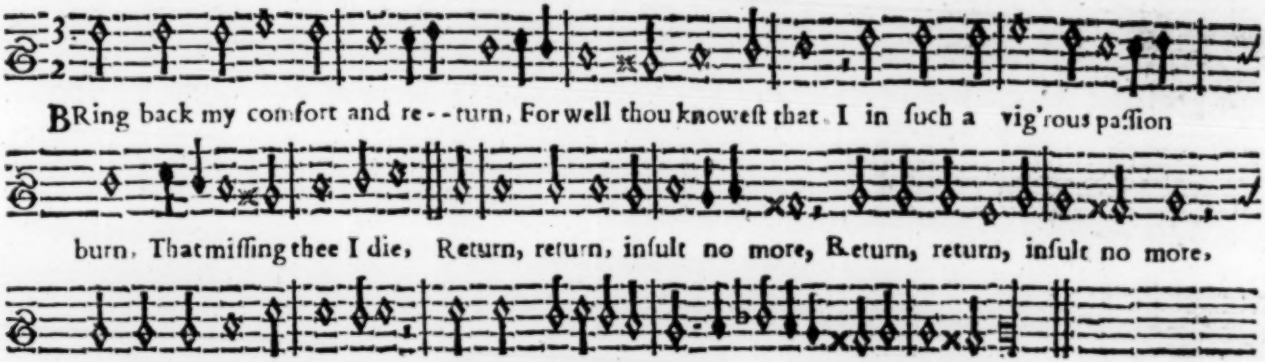
BRing back my comfort and return, For well thou knoweſt that I, in ſuch a vig'rous paſſion

burn, That miſſing thee I die, Return, return, inſult no more, Return, return, inſult no more,



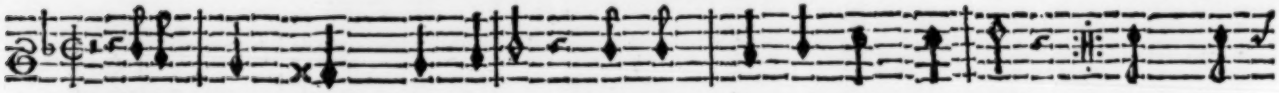
Return, return and me reſtore, To thoſe ſequeſtred Joys I had before.

Bring

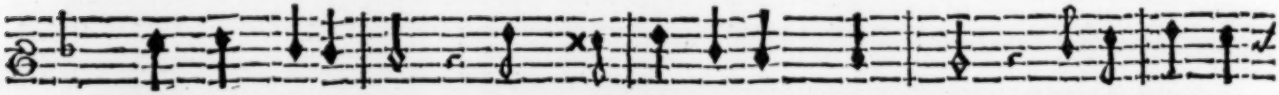


Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

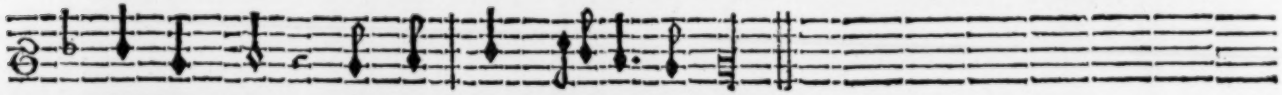
Abſence in moſt, that quencheth love,
And cools this warm deſire,
The ardour of my heart improve,
And make the flame aſpire,
The Maxime therefore I deny,
The Maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a Tyranny;
The Nurſe to Faith, to Love, to Conſtancy.



PHillis why ſhould we delay, Pleaſures ſhorter then the day, Could we

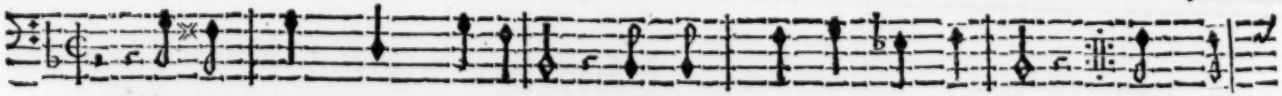


which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three ſpan, Beauty like a



ſhadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

BASSUS. Di *Gio. Giac Caſtoldi.*



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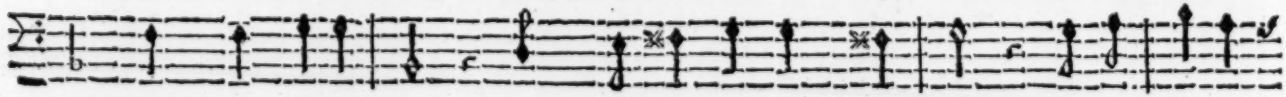
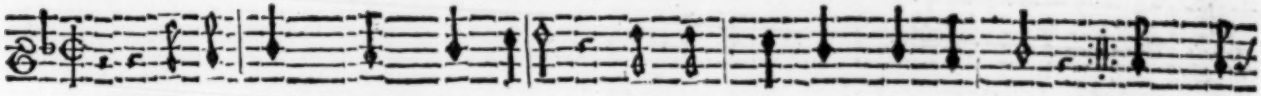


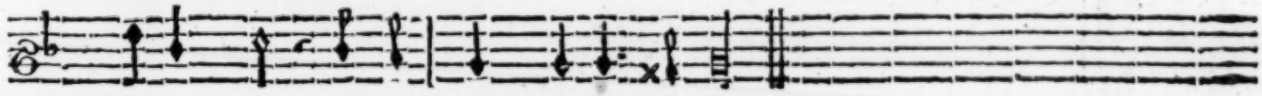
which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three ſpan, Beauty like a

ſhadow flies, and our youth before us dies.



PHillis why ſhould we delay, Pleaſures ſhorter then the day, Could we

which we never can, Stretch our life beyond three ſpan, Beauty like a

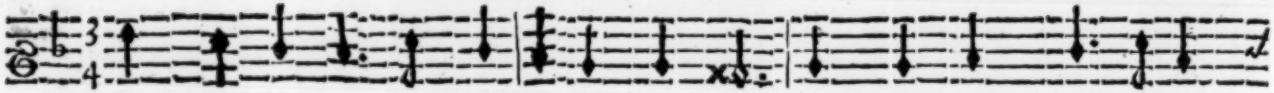


ſhadow flies, and our youth before us dies.

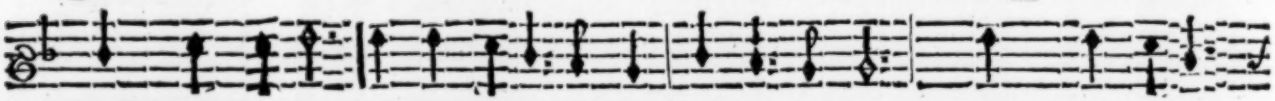
Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

Or would Youth and Beauty ſtay
Love has Wings and will away.
Love has ſwifter Wings than time,
Changing Love too oft does chime.
Gods that never change their ſtate.
Very oft their love and hate.

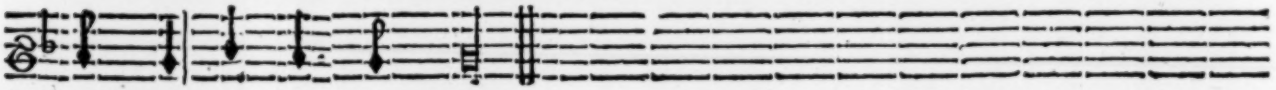
Stay,



STay, ſtay, O ſtay that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her

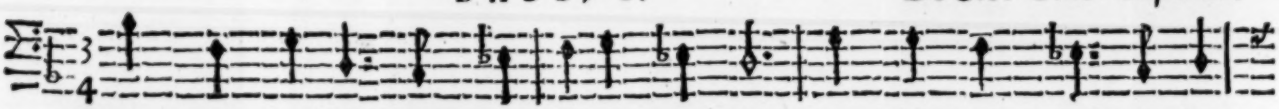


whoſe parts divine, Inchanted it and ſent the woful No: which took't away,



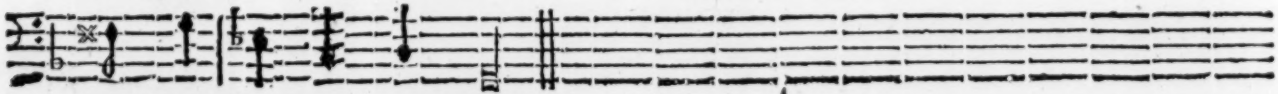
and fill'd it's place with woe.

BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



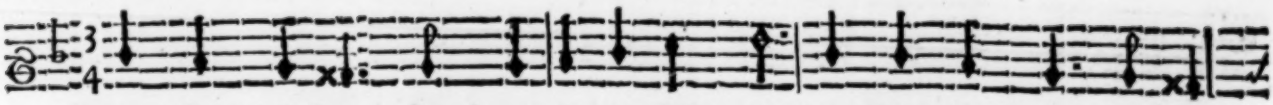
STay, ſtay. O ſtay that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her

whoſe parts divine, Inchanted it, and ſent this fatal No: which took't away,

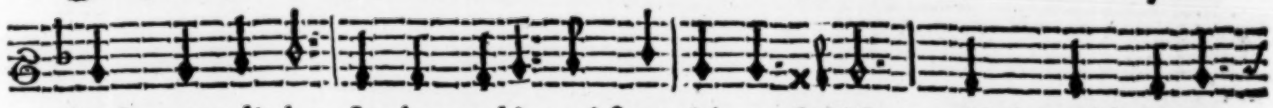


and fill'd its place with woe,

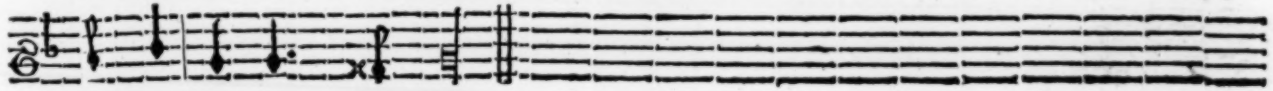
Stay,



STay, ſtay, O ſtay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, raviſh'd from hence by her



whoſe parts divine, Inchanted it and ſent this woful No : which took't away,

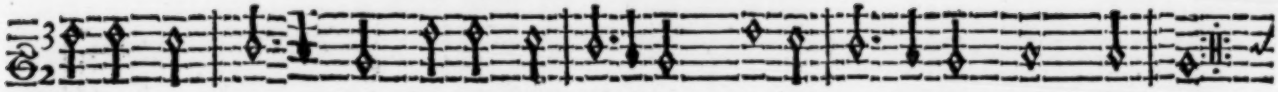


and fill'd its place with woe.

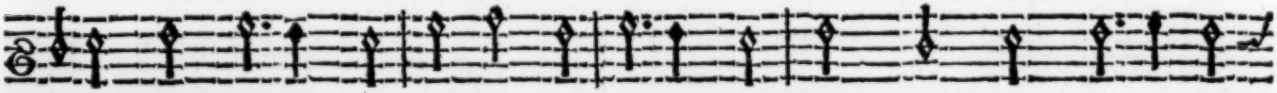
Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

O hold it faſt, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move 'tis pity both ſhould dye,
Farewel, Farewel my heart I've pleas'd mine eyes,
Thou being loſt, ſees thee her Sacrifice.

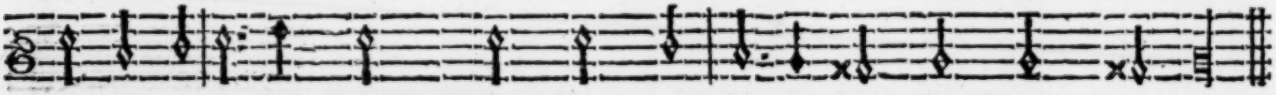
O So-



O Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my deſire, and ſweet fire,

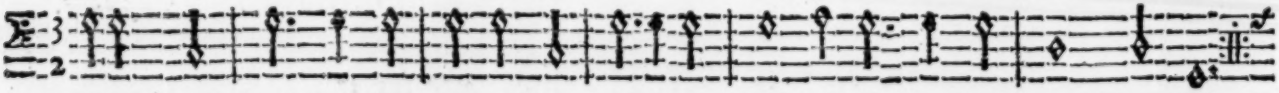


For in whoſe ſhining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whoſe voice whē it ſpeaks

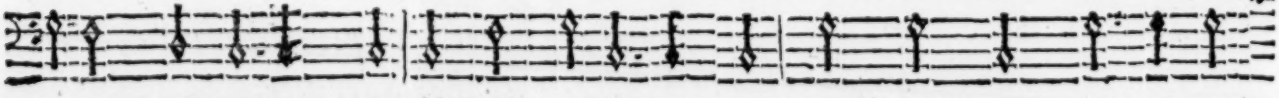


all ſenſe aſunder breaks, Whoſe heav'nly voice is ſuch, that hearts doth touch.

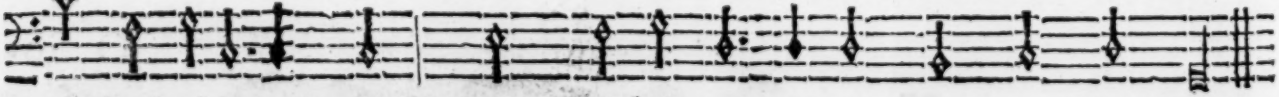
BASSVS. Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*



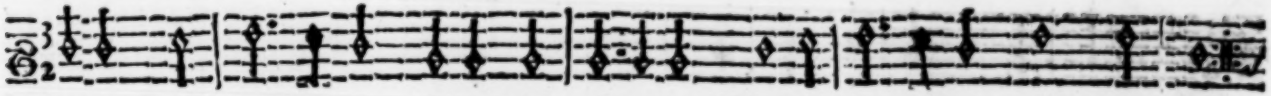
O Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my deſire, and ſweet fire;



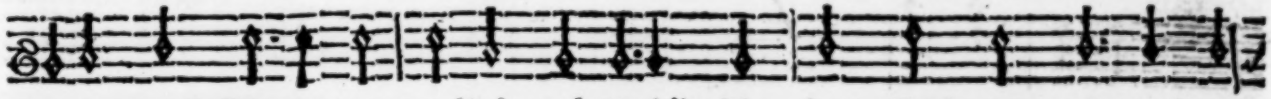
For in whoſe ſhining eyes, ar lights of *Cupid's* skies, And whoſe voice whē it ſpeaks



all ſenſe aſunder breaks; Whoſe heav'nly voice is ſuch, that hearts doth touch.



O Sovereign of my joy, triumpher of anoy, Star of my deſire, and ſweet fire



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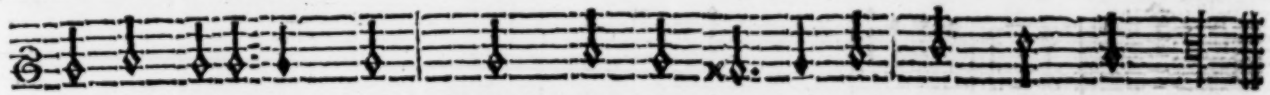
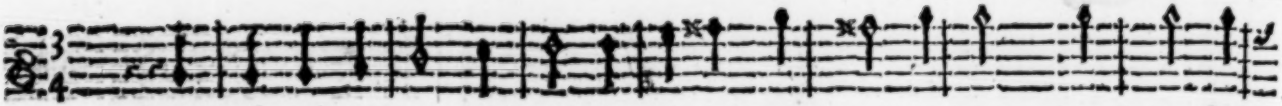


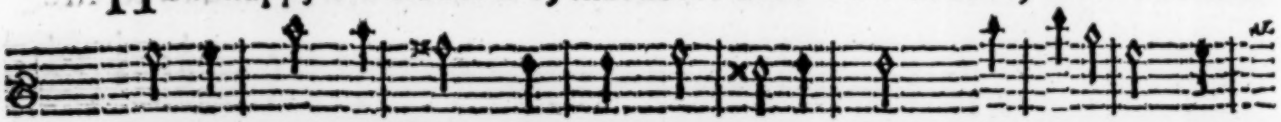
all ſenſe aſunder breaks, Whoſe heav'nly voice is ſuch, that hearts doth touch.

Di *Gio. Giac. Caſtoldi.*

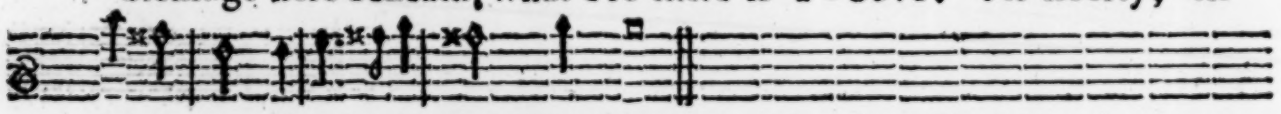
And in whoſe body is, Each character of Bliſs,
Full of true delight, Pure and bright,
My Dear when ſhall it be, That I thine eyes ſhall ſee,
And that my greedy ear, thy heavenly voice may hear,
Let be betwixt thee and me, A Harmony.



HOw happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no ſuch



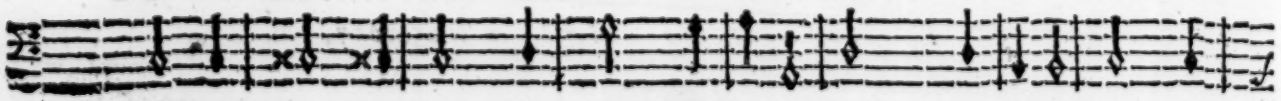
Bleſſings here beneath, what e're there is a-bove: 'Tis liberty, 'tis



liber-ty, that every Wiſe Man loves.

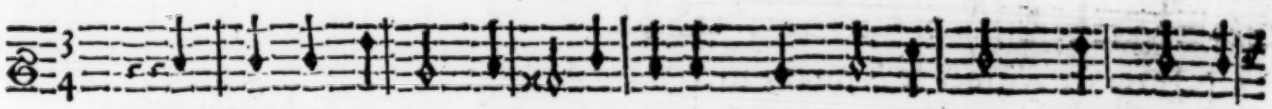
A. 3. Voc. *BASSVS.* Mr. *Henry Lewis*

HOw happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no ſuch

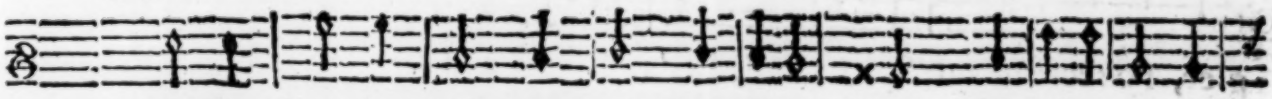


Bleſſings here beneath, what e're there is a-bove; 'Tis li-ber-ty, 'tis

How

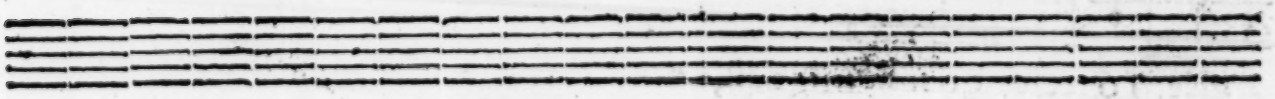


HOw happy art thou and I, that never knew how to love, there's no ſuch



Bleſſings here beneath, what e're there is a - bove; 'Tis li-ber-ty, 'tis

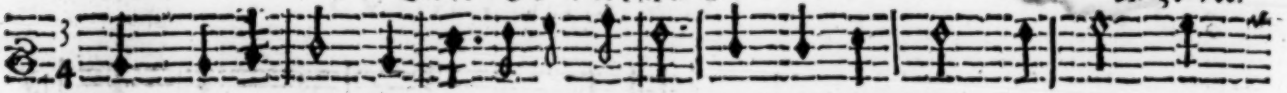
li-ber-ty, that e-ve-ry Wiſe Man loves.



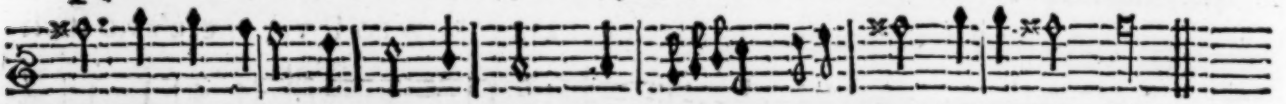
A. 3. Voc. *BASSVS* Mr. *Henry Lewis*,

li-ber-ty, that e-ve-ry Wiſe Man loves.

CANTUS PRIMUS. *A. 3. Voc.*

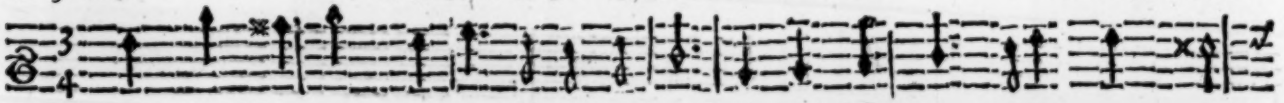


NOw we are met let's merry merry be, For one half hour with mirth and



glee, To recreate our Spirits dull, Let's laugh and ſing our bellies full.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS. Mr. *Simon Ives.*



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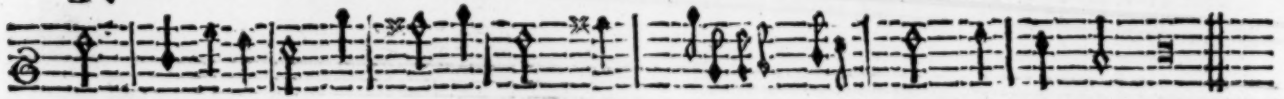

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BASSUS. Mr. *Simon Ives.*

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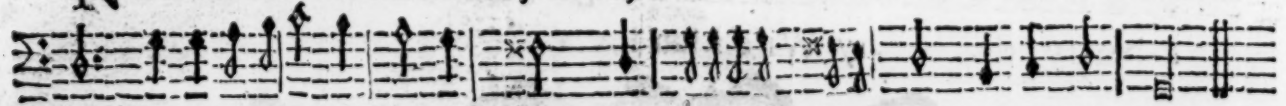

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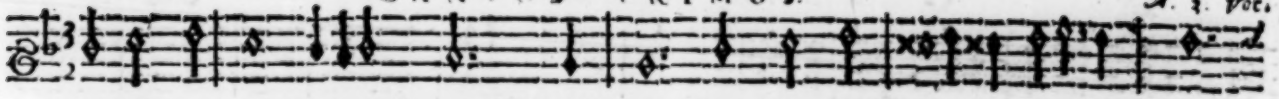
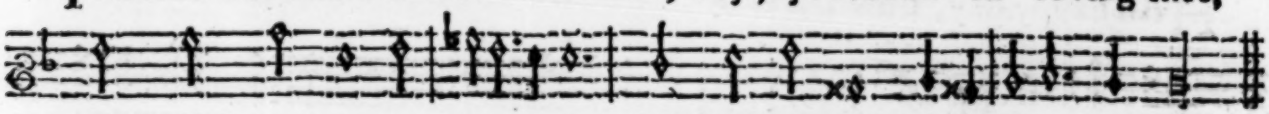
CANTUS PRIMUS. *A. 3. Voc.*

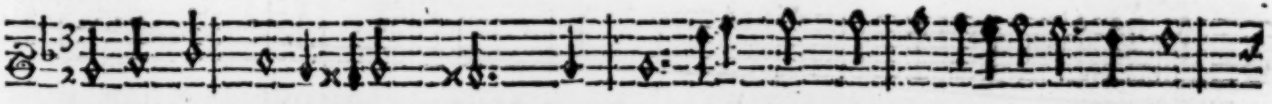


I wiſh no more thou ſhould'ſt love me, My joys are full in loving thee,

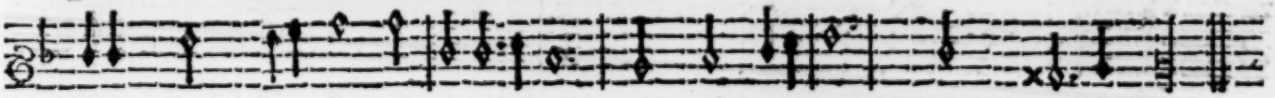


My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliſs, if thou ſhould'ſt love again.

A. 3. Voc. CANTUS SECUNDUS. Mr *Will. Webb*

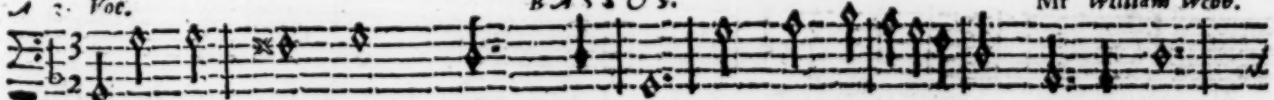


I wiſh no more thou ſhould'ſt love me, My joys are full in loving thee,



My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliſs, if thou ſhould'ſt love again.

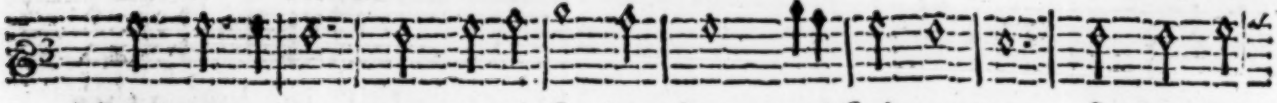
A. 3. Voc. BASSUS. Mr *William Webb.*



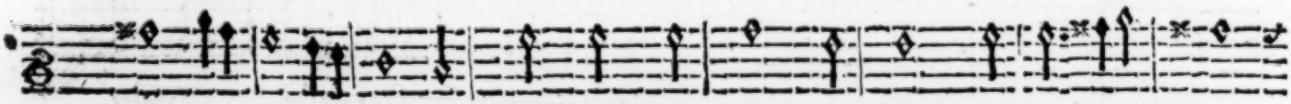
I wiſh no more thou ſhould'ſt love me, My joys are full in loving thee,

My heart's too narrow to contain, My bliſs, if thou ſhould'ſt love again.

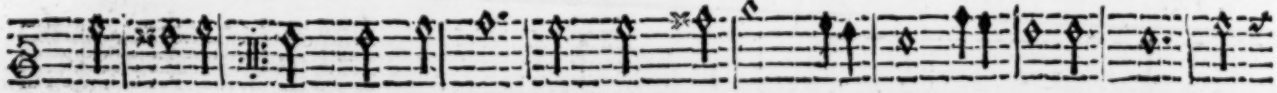
Hail



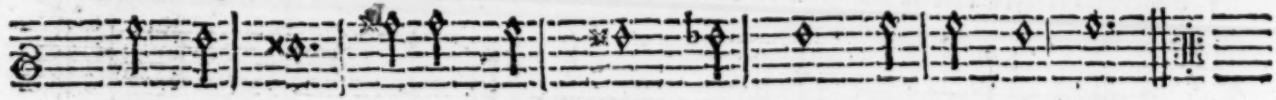
HAil happy day, now *Dorus* ſit thee down, and ſigh no more: ſee how the



ſky, the ſky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull dayes



appearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's ſing, we

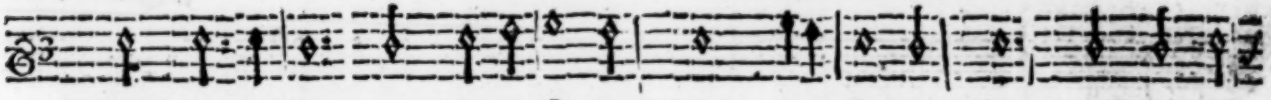


have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

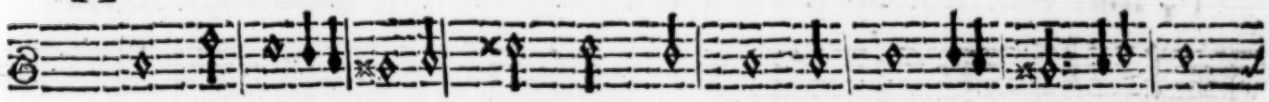
BASSVS.

HAil happy day, now *Dorus* ſit thee down, and ſigh no more: ſee how the

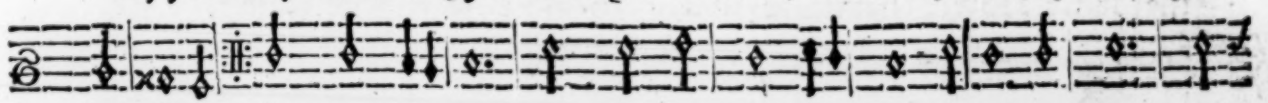
ſky, the ſky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull days ap-



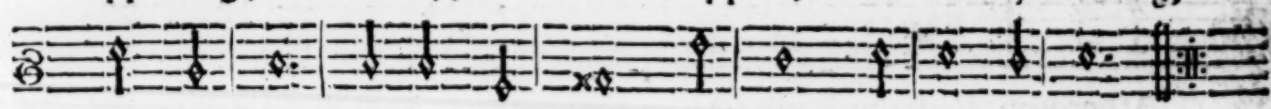
HAil happy day, now *Dorus* ſit thee down, and ſigh no more: ſee how the



ſky, the ſky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and joyfull dayes

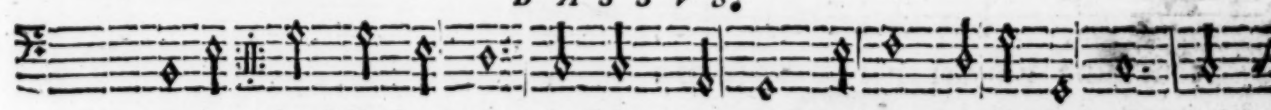


appearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's ſing, we

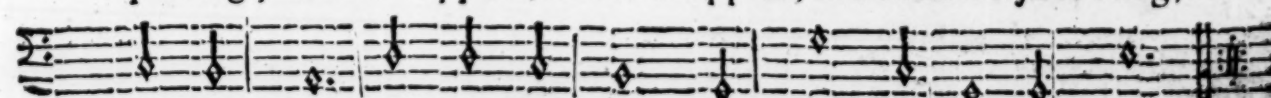


have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

BASSVS.

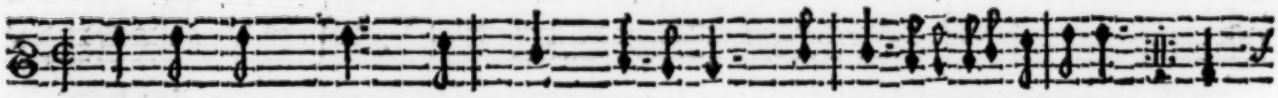


pearing; let Mirth appear, let Mirth appear, and chearfully let's ſing, we

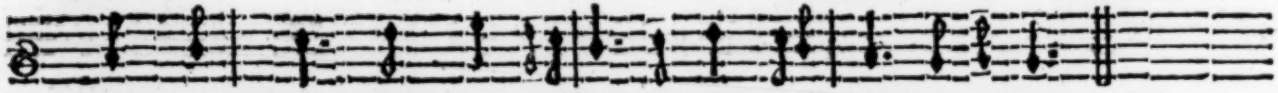


have our Lawes, we have our Lawes, our Lawes, we have our King.

Gather



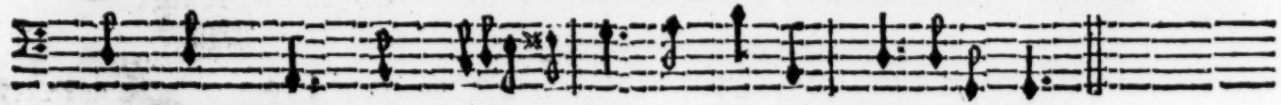
GAther your Roſe-buds whilſt you may, old time is ſtill a flying, And



that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

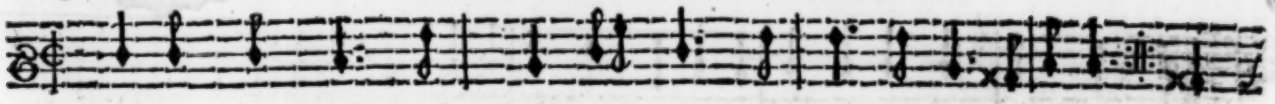
BASSVS.

GAther your Roſe-buds whilſt you may, old Time is ſtill a flying, And



that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

Gather



GAther your Roſe-buds whilſt you may, old time is ſtill a flying, And

that ſame Flower that ſmiles to day, to-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven the Sun,
The higher he is getting;
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

That Age is beſt which is the firſt,
Whilſt Youth and Blood are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt,
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

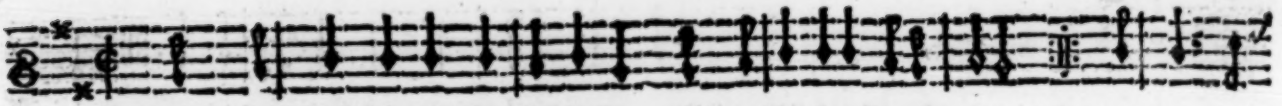
Then be not coy, but uſe your time,
And whilſt you may go marry,
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Her Anſwere.

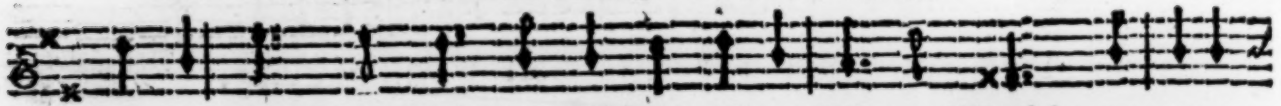
I gather where I hope to gain,
I know ſwift Time doth flie:
Thoſe fading Buds me thinks are vain,
To morrow that may die.

The higher Phebus *goes on high,*
The lower is his fall;
But length of dayes gives me more light,
Freedom to know by thrall.

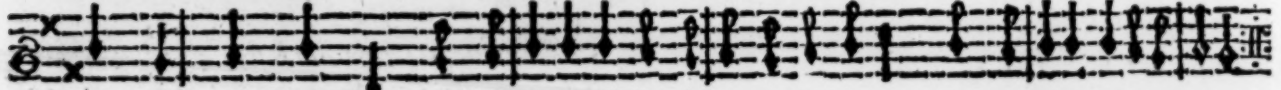
Then why do ye think I loſe my time,
Becauſe I do not marrie,
Vain fantaſies makes not my prime,
Nor can make me miſcarrie.



HEre's a Health unto his Majeſty, with a Fa, la, la; *&c.*
Con-ver-ſi-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.* } And he that

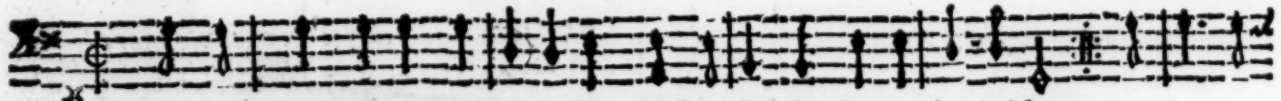


will not pledge his Health, I wiſh him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a



Rope to hang himſelf, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa la, la *&c.*

A. 3. Voc. BASSVS. Mr. *John Sawile.*

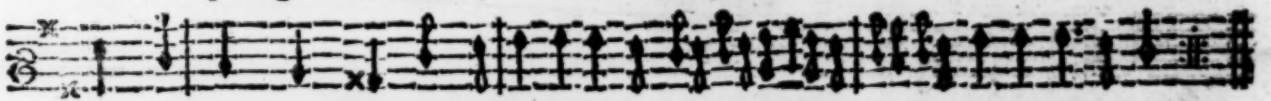


HEre's a Health unto his Majeſty, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, } And he that
Con-ver-ſi-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, la la, la, la, la, }

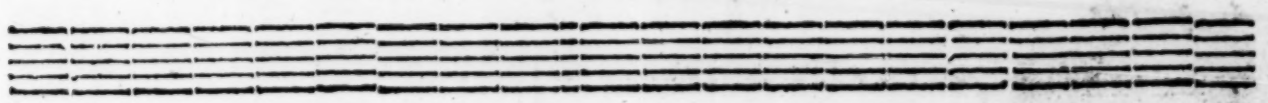
will not pledge his Health, I wiſh him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a

HEre's a Health unto his Majesty, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.*
Con-ver-si-on to his E-ne-mies, with a Fa, la, la, *&c.* } And he that

will not pledge his Health, I wish him neither Wit nor Wealth, nor yet a

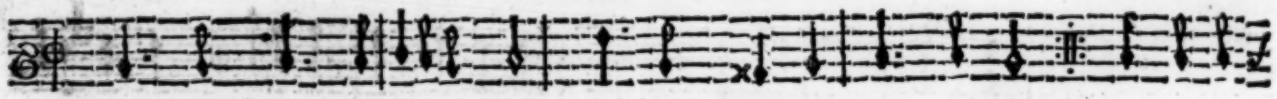


Rope to hang himself, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa, la, la, la, *&c.*

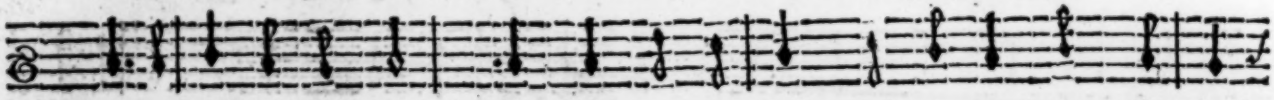


BASSVS. Mr. *John Sawile.*

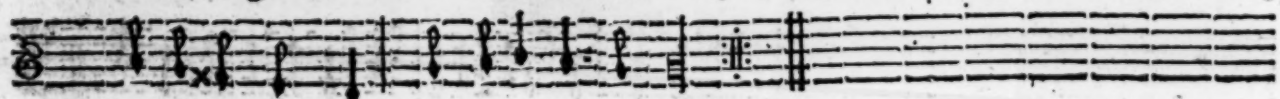
Rope to hang himself, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a Fa, la, la, la, la, la.



FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to ſtore } Such is the
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell, And my wares come here to ſell. }

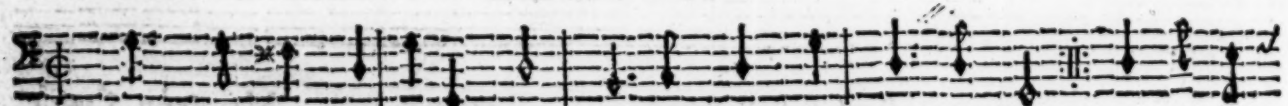


Sacred hunger of Gold: Then come to my Pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack,

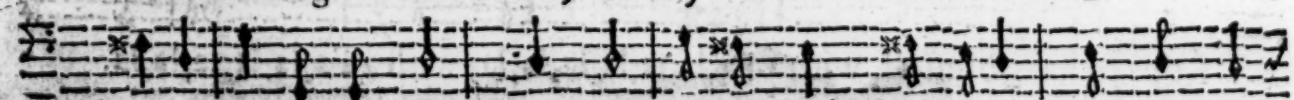


what d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold.

A. 3. Voc. *BASSVS.* Dr. *Wilſon*

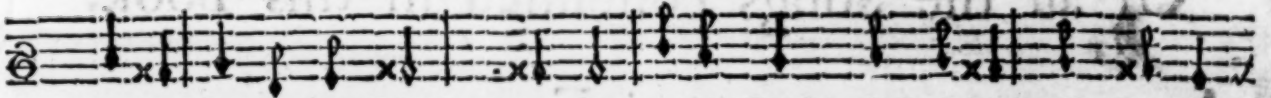


FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to ſtore } Such is the
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell, And my wares come here to ſell. }

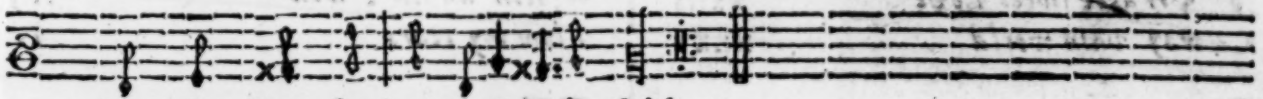


Sacred hunger of Gold, Then come to my Pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack,

FRom the fair *Lavenian* Shore, I your Markets come to ſtore ? } Such is the
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell, And my wares come here to ſell. }

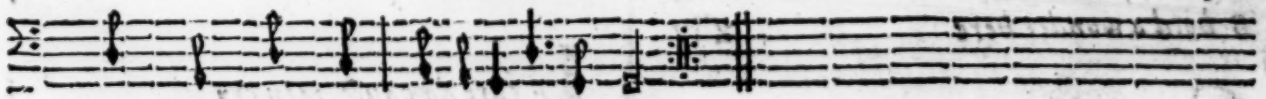


Sacred hunger of Gold, Then come to my Pack while I cry what d'ye lack,



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold.

BASSVS. Dr *Wilſon*



what d'ye buy, for here it is to be ſold.

I have Beauty, Honour Grace, Fortune, Favour, Time and Place, Then come to me Lad,
And what elſe thou would'ſt requeſt, Even the thing thou likeſt beſt. Thou ſhalt have what thy Dad
Firſt let me have but a touch of thy Gold: Never gave, for here it is to be ſold

An Index or Table,

Of all the Songs contained in this Book.

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You winor Beauties liv

A Table of the *Italian* Songs, Composed by GIOVANNI GIACOMO CASTOLDI DA CARRAVAGGIO, in three parts, (*viz*) two *Trebles* and a *Bass*, added to this Book.

She that loves me for my self
Wert thou yet fairer then thou art
Bring back my comfort and return
Phillis why should we delay
Stay Stay, O stay, that heart I vow
O! Sovereign of my joy

A Table of some choise new *English Ayres*, in three parts, (*viz*) two *Trebles* and a *Bass* which are also further added to this Book.

How happy art thou and I
Now we are met, let's merry, merry be
I wish no more thou shouldst love me
Hail happy day, now Dorus *sit thee down*
Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may
Here's a Health unto his Majesty
From the fair Lavenian *shore.*

FINIS.